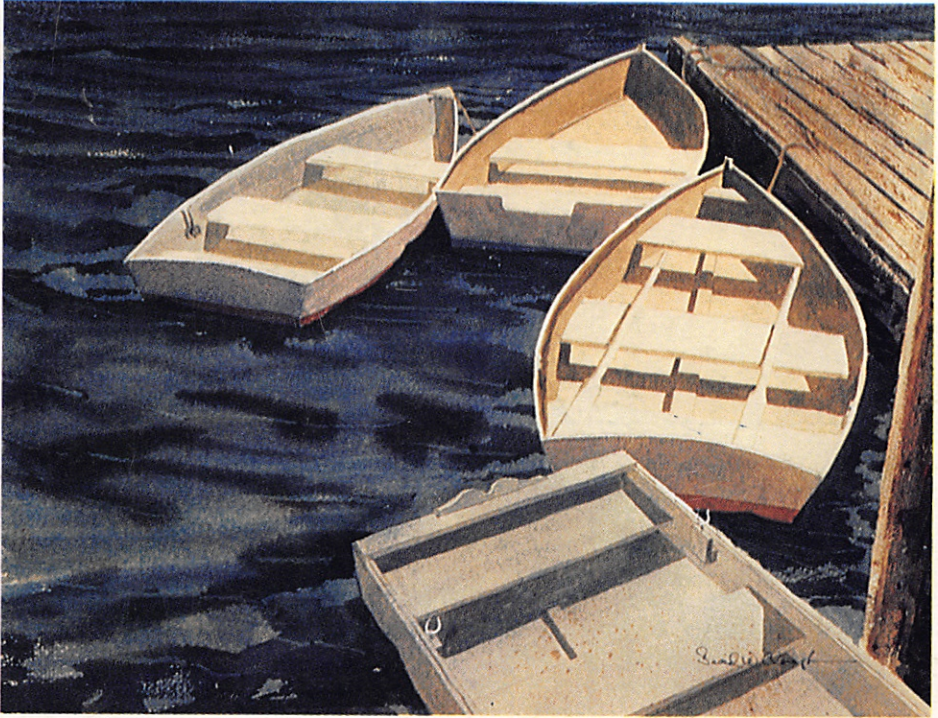


Bitter Sweet ^{95¢}

The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region

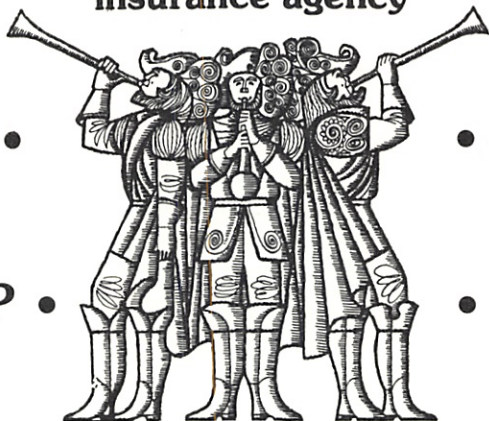
August, 1979

Vol. II, No. 10



**Special Heading Out & Goings On Issue:
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Otisfield
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Dear Peter - August '79

Last Friday I drove Maw over to Fryeburg Harbor to see her cousins Harry 'n Stella. When we got there all her cousins were talkin' 'bout woodstoves. Harry was tellin' us how good his was. He took us into the parlor an' said, "Now you take a look at that beauty." Well, 'twas a beauty, no question there, but I could see right off that it was not a heater like the kind you sell. I said, "Harry, I bet you can't even heat all seven rooms in this house, even on a day like today." "Course I was just ribbin' Harry a little. It was one hundred an' ten degrees right in the shade. Now Harry can't just sit back an' pass up a bet. Why, he sat right back in his chair an' said very bluntly, "Bert, you're on. I'll bet you a barrel of cider I will heat this house an' the barn too." I was sure old Harry was just a-kidding 'cause that barn was 'bout a hundred yards away. So I said, "Harry, I want to taste it, just to make sure it ain't watered down." That gave me a little chuckle 'cause Harry's feet started a-shufflin' back 'n forth on the floor. I know he's proud of his cider and I was itchin' to get into that cider, too. It's awful good, you know. So all seven of us cousins went down cellar. There was myself, Harry, Levi, Ezra, Sewal, Horace, and Merle. We tasted and sipped for a couple of hours or so 'fore we finally agreed it was good. Now Levi, who licked and gulped, decided "the bet must commence." Harry thought it was a good idea and the rest assured it was. So we trudged up into the parlor. Harry put some wood in the stove and lit her up. It was firing pretty good but the temperature still stood at one hundred an' ten degrees just like I pointed out to Harry. That stove was cherry red and the temperature hadn't risen an' Harry wasn't going to lose no bet. So he fired her right up full once again. Now pretty soon I could see that fancy stove was a-losing her shape pretty fast. So I started a-backin' up when all of a sudden she completely collapsed. The stove an' its coals were far beyond red—everything was bright white! Within a flash that stuff ate right through the floor, down into the cellar. Pretty soon some steam started to rise outa that hole. KA-BOOM! What an awful explosion. That cider—thirty barrels, mind you—let loose with all that heat. That place out at the corner of Meadow Lane and Shady Pond Road once known for years and years as Shady Meadow Farming ain't there no more. The last I saw of Harry, he was scootin' down the railroad tracks with Stella right behind, just a-rantin' an' a-ravin'.

Bert

Dear Bert ~ Just last week I was RATTLIN' 'round 'mongest our new stoves 'gittin' ready for our display when a couple of strappin' fellas came over an' looked at 'em. They walked an' walked an' walked 'round 'em 'bout fifty times. They looked at 'em pretty close you know. All of a sudden one of 'em grabbed a hold one an' tried to lift. They're heavy you know, well constructed. The other fella was a brute an' he got a hold. They finally got it up but dropped it quickly, right on one fella's foot. They got in an awful scuffle 'bout that. They got it settled after a few bumps. One dusted himself off an' said "They sure are a good stove. I know a lot of folks goin' to buy 'em this year." so the people, better hurry on over while they last. We've got all kinds, LARGE, small, MEDIUM, stoves in Brand Names. Prices that will fit your pocket book.

Peter.

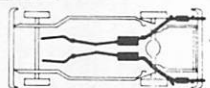


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During **1952** Walter Rines took over the sole ownership of the Cornish IGA Market and, along with his wife Alta, ran the market in the same honored tradition. During this period many changes occurred in their business, including a complete remodeling in May of '58.

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The Rines' sold the business to Don White and family in **June, 1974**. Don, Barbara, and Mark White ran the store, remodeled the building and served the people of Cornish and surrounding areas in the fine tradition of IGA.

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On **APRIL 24, 1979**, a dream became a reality for the Whites with the opening of the **CORNISH IGA FOODLINER** in the Cornish Shopping Center, Route 25, Cornish, Maine— Offering quality, service, and value to the people of the Cornish Area.

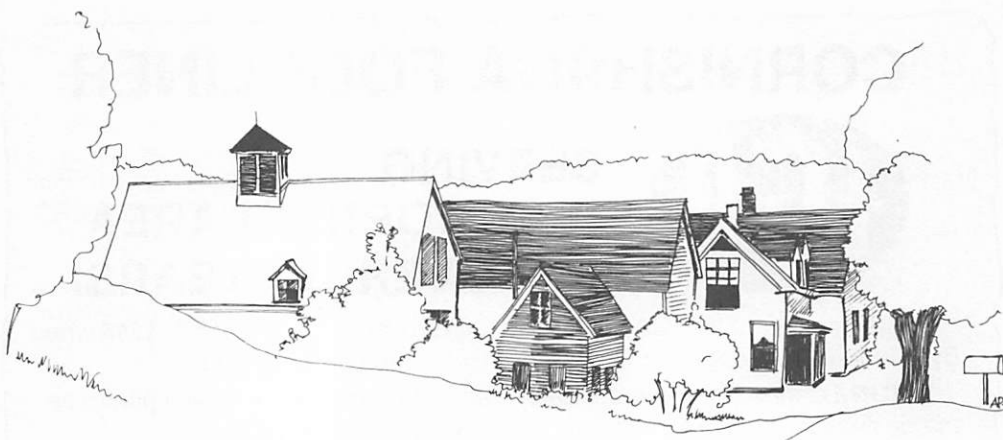


CORNISH IGA FOODLINER

Cornish Shopping Center



Route 25, Cornish, Maine



Crossroads

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CREDITS: Illustrations: Ppg. 4, 57, Alison Kenway; Ppg. 26, 40, Nancy Jensen; Pg. 10, Carolyn Nevius. Photos: Pg. 9, 11, Edith Labbie; Ppg. 12, 14, 16, Sandy Wilhelm; Pg. 19, Bill Haynes; Ppg. 23, 24, 28, 29, Nancy Marcotte; Ppg. 28, 29 (portraits), Hutchinson Brothers; Pg. 30, Nettie Cummings Maxim (1907); Pg. 64, Tom Stockwell.

BitterSweet Views

The fact that this month's issue is being billed as a special Heading Out/Goings On edition is proof-positive that—gas shortage or no—the area is still alive with activity this summer.

The tiny town of Andover—home of the world's first earth station for communications satellites—celebrates its 175th anniversary early in August and even if you're too late to catch the festivities, a stop at Andover is well worth the trip, as evidenced by the photos and article on page 12.

Edith Labbie of Bethel tells of a celebration of another sort (page 9) planned at the end of the month in Otisfield when townspeople will turn out to honor "Uncle Joe" Holden, a native son with an unorthodox outlook on the world.

The Friday Gift Shop in Bethel (page 47), The Sebago-Long Lake Region Music Festival in North Bridgton (page 46), and travelling photographers, The Hutchinson Brothers (page 28) are but a few of the other activities that will be ongoing throughout the month.

Editor Nancy Marcotte has pieced together a series of recipes for people on the go (page 49) with recipes ranging from potato soup to dried fruit variations. Although the foods are presented with camping in mind, they're good enough to eat on or off the trail, in or out of camp.

COVER

This month's cover is an oil painting done by self-taught artist David Clough of Cumberland Foreside, winner of an honorable mention at last year's Western Maine Art Group Sidewalk Art Show. Although Clough was raised in Rockport, Mass. where he was surrounded by the studios of many famous painters, his own artistic involvement is relatively recent. He began sketching and painting about five years ago and started exhibiting his work only last year. This spring, he was honored to be among those chosen to exhibit at the state capitol building in Augusta.

Clough's ties with Maine have paralleled his artistic development. He began as a summer visitor in Ogunquit and finally moved to Maine permanently in 1977 when he took a marketing position in Portland. Since then, he has been devoting more and more time to sketching and painting Maine scenes.

Lucretia Douglas of West Baldwin, a frequent contributor, writes about her remarkable Aunt Ada (page 18) whose talents include the construction of artful rock walls.

Sharing the Folk Tales Department with Mrs. Douglas this month is Crescentia Griffiths of Otisfield, whose husband's faithful companion, Henry, is the subject of her piece.

Both John Meader and Jay Burns tackle the summer weather this month in pieces on lightning (page 59) and summer storms (page 40). And Inez Farrington, in her August writings also has something to say on that score in words that ring all too true as we are sending this issue to press:

"Anyone who has the mistaken idea that Maine never has any hot weather can prove the contrary by reading records in Maine diaries for the month of August: '90 in the shade,' '94 today,' '96 at supertime' are very common entries to read. The earth is dry and the lawn parched, the flowers droop in the sun; and all day the lake resounds with shouts from the many swimmers who are seeking relief from the heat...we watch the cars from Florida, Idaho, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Washington, and Virginia skip by..."

Now, more than ever, we realize how fortunate we are to be here, right along. □

Sandy Wilhelm



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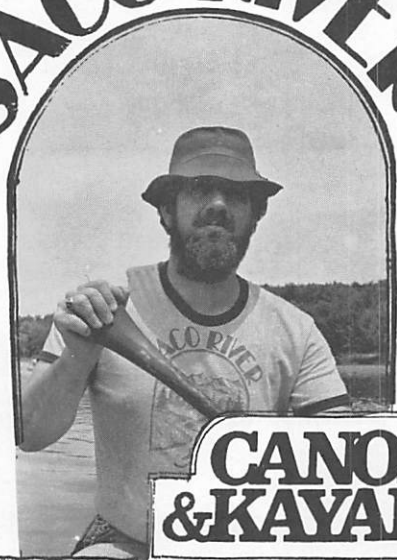
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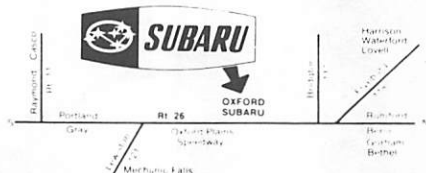
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HAIBUN*

Cool summer breeze
Rustles the corn stalks—
Overhead, black clouds.

I shift into eighth gear as the tractor pulls out of the farm's driveway. It lurches forward and a pillar of black smoke rises and crumbles above the exhaust stack. It is a short ride to the recently harrowed field. I bounce up and down violently in the cushioned seat while I cross a small grassy stretch of uneven ground. The tractor slows and stops. I turn it off, and silence rushes in like water rushing in to fill the hole created by the rock when it is dropped into a pond.

A flock of starlings
Light on the power lines above me...
In the distance a cow bellows.

Dropping the tractor's bucket to the ground, I climb down into the newly-tilled soil. Rock picking gives one much time to think, to listen, to be. I walk from stone to stone, picking each one up and tossing it into the bucket. A dull metallic clang bounces off the trees bordering the rocky expanse.

On the back of my neck
A large raindrop splats—
My solemn face cracks.

Shepard Collins
Hamden Connecticut

*A Japanese literary form consisting of a personal experience narrative interspersed with haiku.



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Otisfield Celebration Honors Native Son Who Believed The World Was Flat

by Edith Labbie

This is a time in our history when the "different drummers" Thoreau wrote about are regarded with a new respect.

On August 26th, a church service, entertainment and picnic will be held at the East Otisfield Free Baptist Church in memory of just such a man—"Uncle Joe" Holden, who had the courage to challenge the theory that the world is round and to confront scientists and other authorities with his "proven" conviction that it was, in fact, flat.

Directly across from the pretty little church is the Rayville Cemetery, named for one of Holden's ancestors, where his gravestone proclaims: "Prof. Holden, the old astronomer, discovered that the Earth is flat and stationary and that the sun and moon do move."

Otisfield folks knew Joseph White Holden as a good and kindly man. His last thoughtful deed before his death was to establish a fund so that children of the area could enjoy an annual picnic and free ice cream. This custom continued from the time of his death in 1900 until fairly recently, when it was discontinued because of the scarcity of children in town.

When the church celebrated its 150th anniversary in 1977, the Joe Holden picnic was revived. So, following this year's 11 a.m. service, those in attendance will enjoy the picnic lunch they have brought. Entertainment will feature the music of Debby Perkins, an instructor at Gordon College, Mass. A talk will be given by her husband, Dale, an Assistant Pastor at the Court Street Baptist Church in Auburn. Outdoor games will conclude the day's festivities.

The instigator of this celebration, fondly known as "Uncle Joe," was an intelligent, hard-working gent. He was a lifelong Republican and a strong anti-slavery man. At different times he owned three saw mills along the outlet to Saturday Pond in Otisfield.



Prof. Joe Holden is buried in Otisfield's Rayville Cemetery

What set Uncle Joe apart from the crowd was his contention that the world was flat and his life-long dedication to the task of convincing others that this was so. He was especially upset because his many nieces and nephews and other children of Otisfield were all being taught in school that the world was round. He thought this assumption to be unfounded and, as his calloused hands worked on the logs in his mills, his mind was busy gathering points he could use to refute accepted authorities. He became a one-man missionary, spreading his doctrine wherever possible. His novel reasoning guaranteed him an audience.

When he lectured at Congress Hall in Portland, he was considered important enough to be interviewed by a newspaper reporter. "How did you arrive at the conclusion that the earth is flat?" asked the young newspaperman.

Settling back in his chair, the old-timer replied, "Wal' now, I've talked with many a sailor and not one of them has sailed far enough to come to the end of the earth which reaches out and out. They come back to home port even though they sail in the opposite direction all the time because their compass alus varies jest a dite so they never sail in a straight course."

After hearing Holden's argument, the reporter returned to his office. It was obvious to him that the old man was no one's fool. He was keen and alert. But, thought the reporter, wouldn't it be a joke if he turned out to be right after all?



THE ABANDONED HAY WAGON

In the middle of a carpet of grass and flowers
Sits an abandoned hay wagon,
Battered and weathered from years of toil;
Its frame has buckled from the weight
of the snow

And now nearly touches the ground.
Many years have come and gone
Since this tired old wagon
Bore its last load of hay to the barn.
The proud team of horses went
to the auction,

Their place to be taken by a shiny new tractor;
And the sturdy old wagon was tucked away,
Along with other anachronisms
in an empty shed,
For the farmer still had a fondness
for old ways.

But since no one has discovered
A way of making time stand still,
Old age came knocking at the farmer's door;
And he sold his farm and moved away,
For he could not bear to see
A lifetime of labor come undone.
Folks from the city—Boston, I guess—
Purchased the farm for a retirement place.
Oh, they were nice enough to meet,
Cultured with polished manners,
But not the kind to have a genuine feeling
for the land.

There was no need for cutting hay
Since there would never be any more
cows here,

And the shed was needed for storing
city things.

So the faithful old hay wagon
Was dragged from its place of silent repose
And wheeled out into the field;
And there it has remained many long years
Watching the forest creeping across the field
To where some day it will soon engulf
The tired old skeleton resting
on four rickety wheels.

Jack Barnes
Hiram

Joe Holden was in great demand as a speaker. The Master of Ceremonies at Poland Spring introduced him before he addressed the elite audience.

"Mr. Holden, in endeavoring to prove that the earth is flat and non-revolving, will place himself among those enthusiasts of history who have risen in opposition to accepted theories, and will, in his own estimation, be classed with Columbus, Galileo, John Brown, and a score of others who died either in forlorn hope or firm conviction."

Once more "Uncle Joe" held an audience in the palm of his hand. When he attended the Maine State Fair in Lewiston in 1892, he had a great time buttonholing people and telling them about his theory. Some enjoyed listening to his harangues and others wandered by.

Then along came Dr. Alfred W. Anthony, a member of the Bates College faculty. Speaking one professor to another, "Uncle Joe" called in a voice loud enough to attract attention, "Dr. Anthony, I suppose you believe the world is round?"

Caught unaware, the college man replied mildly, "Why, yes, I certainly do."

"Wal', that is the biggest, most all-fired piece of nonsense in the world! How can the world move around the sun?" asked the Otisfield man.

"Wal, look-a-here," he said earnestly. There's the sun over there and there she stays, to the south. Wal', suppose the earth revolves around the sun. When it comes six months from now she ought to be back here hadn't she?"

The college professor wiped his brow and declared that it would seem so; then he hastened away.

Uncle Joe looked triumphantly at the crowd. "That's the question none of them can answer. It's a cracker! Stops 'em every time!"

The Otisfield man, who called himself an astronomer, had one more year in the limelight. Even neighbors who had previously looked at him askance regarded him with more respect once he was invited to present his unique theory at the Chicago World's Fair.

Those who knew Holden say that his supreme self-confidence was his undoing. Some sharpie persuaded him to invest money in some bogus stock. Eventually, his appearance grew shabbier and there was a lean, hungry look about him. He never



East Otisfield Free Baptist Church, viewed from the cemetery

married, nor would he permit his loving nieces and nephews to be concerned about him. Kindly friends attempted to investigate his financial standing but he turned them aside. It was said that, at the end, he existed for days at a time on just a few pennies.

But he was not a penniless man as folks supposed. When the end came in 1900, his will was read and it was discovered that he had left money enough to have a monument of the finest Italian marble erected on his grave. Besides that he set up funds for the annual children's picnic with free ice cream.

A few years ago, I visited 88-year-old William Spurr, author of *The History of Otisfield, Maine*. As we sat in his kitchen, we talked about Uncle Joe and his strange devotion to his world-is-flat theory.

Mr. Spurr said he had always believed that Joseph White Holden deserved his own special glory because he was one of those rare men who hailed from a humble way of life and felt no reluctance about presenting his philosophy before a learned audience. His simple sincerity saved him from ridicule.

"I have always regretted that when I was a boy of ten I chose to hear Comical Brown speak in Norway instead of Uncle Joe in Lewiston," said Mr. Spurr.

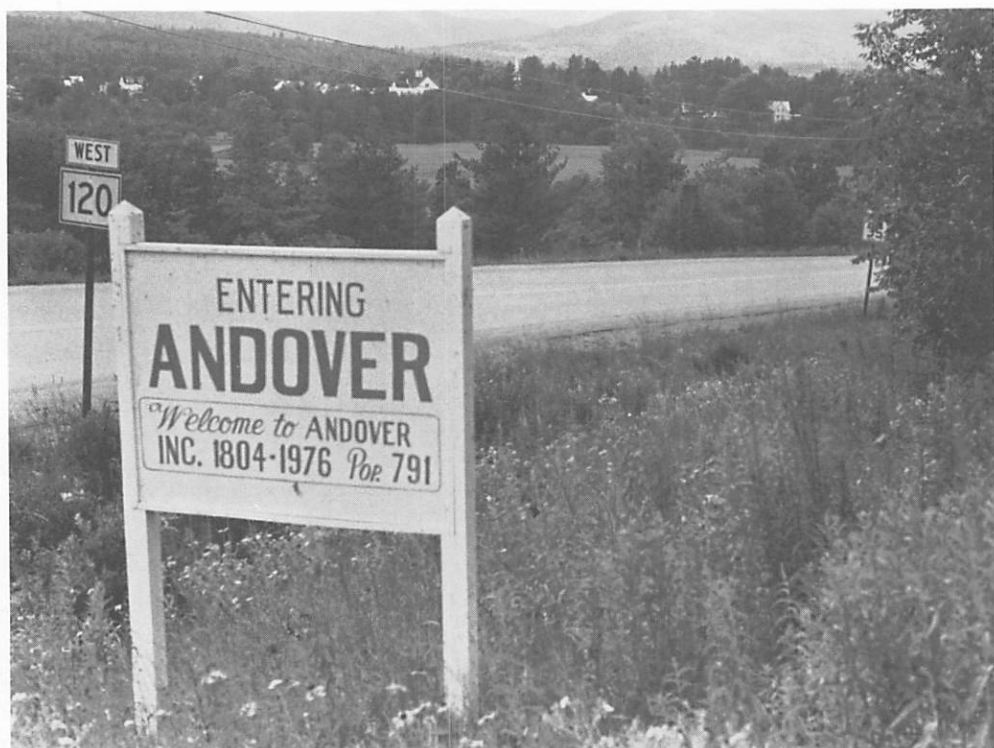
Joe Holden's memory remains green in Otisfield. □

Edith Labbie is a correspondent for The Lewiston Journal. She lives in Bethel.

Can You Place It?



Last month's **Can You Place It?** was the old steamer *Longfellow* passing through Songo Lock sometime during the early part of this century. If you didn't recognize the place, don't worry—due to a last-minute error, the picture was printed backwards! It was a real stumper. If you can identify this month's location, send your answer to us.



Andover: A Small Farm Town Turns 175

On August 4, the tiny farming town of Andover (pop. 791) will celebrate its 175th anniversary, commemorating a time, a century and three quarters ago, when the state of Massachusetts granted a group of hardy individuals a plot of land for incorporation as "East Andover."

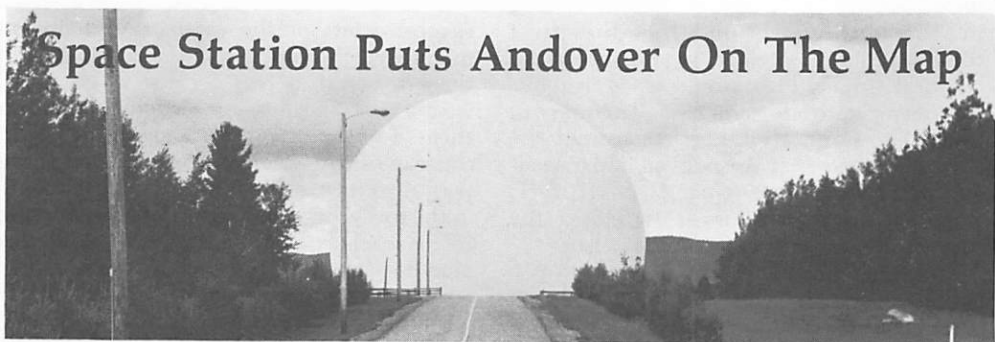
The medal depicting Andover of the past and present shows the town's famous covered bridge (which is still in use), the satellite station (see story next page), an old lumber mill, a man with ox and plow, and a skier in mid-air. It was designed by Virginia Daigle especially for the occasion and 675 were crafted of silver, pewter, and bronze.

Almost since its founding, Andover has served as a favorite spot for a special breed of rugged outdoorsmen, lured from the more traveled Maine terrain by the area's special majesty: the Upper and Lower Richardson Lakes (part of the Rangeley Lakes chain); the rolling foothills of the White Mountains, including a portion of the Appalachian Trail;

fine fishing, swimming, rockhounding, boating, and bird watching; bountiful wildflowers; breathtaking scenery.

Although the old Indian Trail which once wound its way along the 13-mile stretch from the town to South Arm on Lower Richardson Lake is now a road, except for a wilderness campground at road's end, the rest of the area remains much as it has always been. There continues to be fine swimming in the Ellis River (which led the first settlers into Andover). Metallak Island, home of Metallak, last of the Coo-ash-Auke Indians, still sits in Upper Richardson Lake. Before the dams were built in the mid-1800's, the island was actually a point. It was here that Metallak's first wife died and the lake bears her Indian name, Molechunkamunk. Her body was carried down the lake and via Rapid River to Lake Umbagog, where she was buried.

Page 16...



Space Station Puts Andover On The Map

Telecommunication—the “science and technology of communication by electronic transmission of impulses by telegraphy, cable, telephone, radio or television” in the 1970’s is a taken-for-granted fact of everyday life even in small towns such as Andover. The words “live via satellite” seen on television screens across the country make our world seem little more than an extended neighborhood, as we share events with people of other countries. We’ve seen astronauts, Olympic events, visits of chiefs of state, a Pope’s funeral, musical extravaganzas “live via satellite” and have probably thought to ourselves, “Isn’t television wonderful?” The availability of satellite-assisted long distance phone calls, teletype messages, and computer talk-a-thons has less meaning for the citizens of this little town in the mountains of western Maine, although Andover is a-buzz with such communications twenty-four hours a day, due to the presence of the COMSAT earth station.

Until the late 1950’s or the very early 1960’s however, Andover was just another town in Maine. If one travelled beyond Andover, out of Maine, and was asked, “Where are you from?” it was quite likely that the response, “Andover, Maine,” rated a faint smile and a “Where’s that?” Skiers knew of Andover and hunters knew of Andover. Most residents of Oxford County knew where the town was located. Tourists seldom came to Andover, except to look at the covered bridge. People visited because friends or members of the family lived here.

Citizens of Andover at the time were generally satisfied with their method of communication—the telephone service at the local general store. Granted, it sometimes was necessary to wait half a minute or so for the operator to answer if he was busy scooping ice cream into a sugar

cone or was selling penny candy, magazines or canned goods to a customer in the store. But few calls in Andover at that time were so urgent that the calling party couldn’t afford this slight delay, and there were advantages to the manual system which most customers appreciated. The operator, for instance, had next to her a switch which ran to the fire siren atop the town hall and could sound it immediately upon receiving a call. Then she was kept busy telling not only the firemen but also the other customers just where the fire was. And, on snowy mornings, the Andover operator was always the best one to ask whether or not school would “keep” that day.

But in 1961 an announcement appeared in the local press which would, in time, change much of the character of Andover, including its magneto telephone service. The American Telephone & Telegraph Company had purchased a piece of land on a hilltop in the eastern edge of town and planned to erect the first ground station for communication by satellite there.

Why was Andover, Maine chosen as the site for the first earth station to deal directly with communication satellites? The answer is obvious if one understands about sound waves and radio. Sound waves just don’t bend to conform to the earth’s surface and must be passed on from microwave tower to microwave tower in order to cover large areas of the country. Also, in the early days of satellites being used for communication, the signals sent out by satellites were weak—mere peeps. It was known that these signals would need all the help they could get from the atmosphere. Andover, surrounded by mountains and far from large cities having many radio stations or much interference with sound waves, was an ideal site. Its location about halfway between the equator and the North Pole was also a factor

in the site selection, for the first communication satellite would be in an elliptical orbit which would place it above Andover's latitude and longitude about every half-hour as it hurtled around the earth. Engineers term Andover "radio dead" and that's what the engineers of A.T. & T. wanted for their pioneer satellite, the basketball-size *Telstar*.

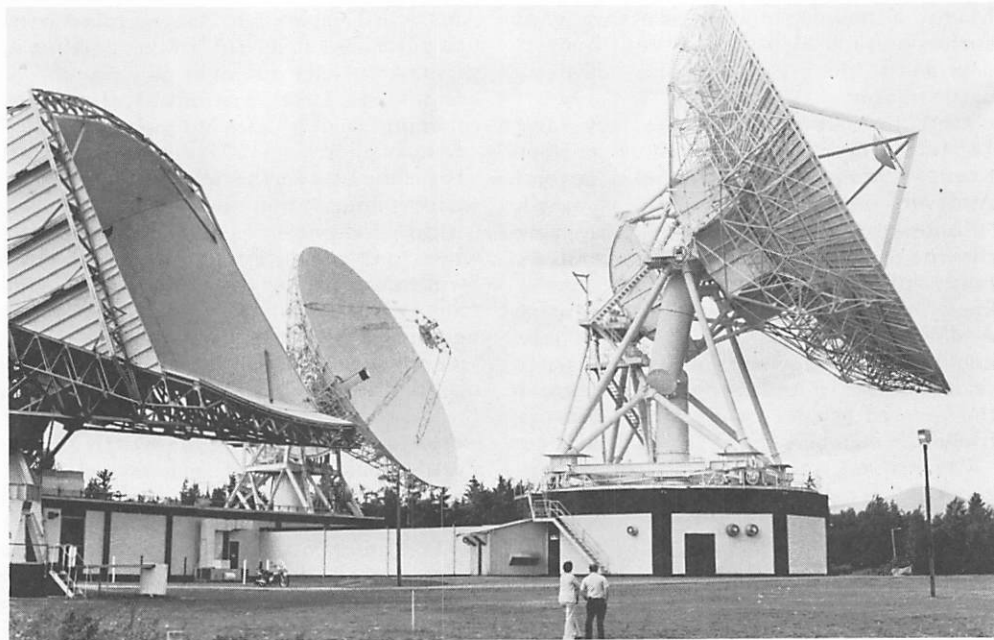
Andover's giant horn antenna, as tall as a ten-story building, was completed on schedule. It was nicknamed "the big ear," for its job would be that of an ear, capturing and magnifying the signal sent by the satellite. As launch date approached, engineers and scientists, writers and newsmen arrived on the scene in the small mountain village. Andover, with its archaic system of telephoning through "central" was to become world-famous. Countless tests were run on the big antenna, patterned after that of the Bell System located at Holmdell, New Jersey, but many times larger. All was ready. Goonhill was ready, too. The French antenna construction was behind schedule.

July 10, 1962 dawned—a beautiful day for a perfect launch for *Telstar*. Throughout

several orbits of the earth, the engineers monitored the tiny satellite's flight. Late in the afternoon, it was decided to go ahead with a test transmission. People sat close to their TV sets, for there *might* be "live" coverage from Andover, Maine. And there was! A picture of the American flag, blowing in the foreground, with the Radome looming in the background. Tentatively, a call was placed to Washington, D.C. by the people in Andover. Lyndon Johnson spoke briefly with the president of American Telephone & Telegraph. Goonhill signalled that it could pick up the transmission. Pleumeur-Bodou had it too, for its antenna was working after a round-the-clock effort on behalf of French engineers. For the next few days other tests were made with the world's newest toy. Communications using satellite really worked!

By 1965, COMSAT was leasing the Andover site from A.T. & T., as a result of the *Satellite Act*, a piece of heavily-debated legislation designed to unify the efforts of many companies who were interested in using space for communication. COMSAT is a privately-owned United States corporation

Engineers termed Andover "radio dead"—and that's just what A.T. & T. wanted for their pioneer satellite, the basketball-size *Telstar*.



that had been formed in 1963 to carry out the mandate of Congress, and new faces began to appear in Andover as familiar ones disappeared. The site, once employing so many people during the construction phase, was managed by a relatively small group of people. About the half the families associated with COMSAT chose to live in Andover and became an integral part of the community. It might be noted here that Andover had remained a small town in every sense of the word, for when a COMSAT employee was asked where he was living in Andover, he replied loftily, "Oh, I'm not living in Andover. I just want to be where the action is." When pressed by the inquirer as to just where that was, he replied, "Dixfield."

COMSAT has successfully coordinated "live" TV coverage of the summer Olympics in Tokyo by using NASA's *Syncom III* satellite and the navy's earth station at Point Mugu, California. COMSAT also has been named as manager of the INTELSAT nations (a group designed to make modern satellite telecommunications a working reality) which, in 1965, numbered five countries with five stations and five antennas.

Newspapers throughout the country hailed INTELSAT's "talking star" when it was launched on April 6, 1965. *Echo*, later to be known as INTELSAT I, was placed in a stationary orbit at 22,300 miles over the equator, and it was edged into position by control signals transmitted from the Andover earth station on command from the COMSAT control at Washington, D.C.

In August, 1965, COMSAT signed an agreement with A.T. & T. for the purchase of the Andover facility, and at the same time began to make plans to build two other earth stations on United States soil. However, Andover will forever bear the title, "oldest point in the service" for communication with other parts of the world.

Andover furthered its unique place in the history of satellite communication when it was selected as the site for a "sugar scoop" antenna in 1966. This particular type of antenna serves to monitor the satellites over the Atlantic Ocean during launching and for the lifetime of the satellite. Its technical function is tracking, telemetry, and control of INTELSAT satellites and it shares these functions with only five other such antennas in the world system. (The others are located in Italy, Australia, Hawaii, Brazil and Cameroon, Africa.)

Early Bird was followed by the launching of the INTELSAT II, III and IV from 1967 to the present. Plans are being made for launching the first of the V's in the early 1980's. With each new series of satellites, coverage has increased, so that today more than 3,000 transmissions can be carried simultaneously. From the simplest "live" coverage in 1965 which numbered only about 240 phone calls or one TV broadcast, to the steady hum over the airwaves "via satellite," communications have been handled by the Andover earth station.

To enable Andover to keep up with the increased load, COMSAT installed the first of two standard "dish" antennas in 1972, and a second in 1975. A third is scheduled for completion within a year or so. As one enters Andover from Route 5, one can catch a glimpse of the top of the Radome covering the stand-by only "big ear" and a corner of each of the two dish antennas; the sight of the Radome looming over the trees on the Roxbury Road remains spectacular; and the fact that a little town like Andover has "sky glow" at night is remarkable. While inhabitants of Andover sleep, communications are going on 'round-the-clock, for Andover's earth station is manned twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year.

The staff at the site is comprised primarily of engineers and technicians, all highly trained personnel, but Andover residents serve in lesser capacities. Just as the "building boom" that Andover residents had feared never materialized, neither did countless jobs for people of the area, but the members of the COMSAT and A.T. & T. family who choose to live in Andover enrich the community by their presence. The town has changed very little over the years because of the presence of an earth station here in the mountains of Maine, but now, at least, people know where Andover is. Those who come to visit the site can still see the giant horn antenna, can overlook the dish antennas, marvel at the scenery, and can still ask, "Why was Andover chosen?" In all likelihood, Massachusetts friends asked the same question of the people who chose to settle in Andover originally back in the eighteenth century. □

This article was adapted from Andover, The First 175 Years, a collection of historical facts and reminiscences soon to be published by the Andover Friday Club.

Spirit Island in Lower Richardson Lake, also known as Welokennebacook, was the home of Wenongonet, grandson of Paugus, the Chief of the Pequawket tribe who was killed in Fryeburg's 1725 Battle of Lovewell Pond.

This is Indian Country. Long before the appearance of the first out-of-stater, the Indians were making their way along the Coos Trail lakeside each summer. The holes in which they smoked their summer harvest of food in order to preserve it for the following winter can still be seen at some points around the lakes.

A collection of history and reminiscences about Andover, prepared by the Andover Friday Club and entitled *Andover, The First 175 Years*, details Andover's rich Indian heritage, as well as stories of the early settlers, and contributions of local businessmen and organizations to the town's rich history.

The book will be on sale during this month's anniversary celebration, along with a picture book compiled by the Andover Service Circle entitled *Glimpses of Olde Andover*. □

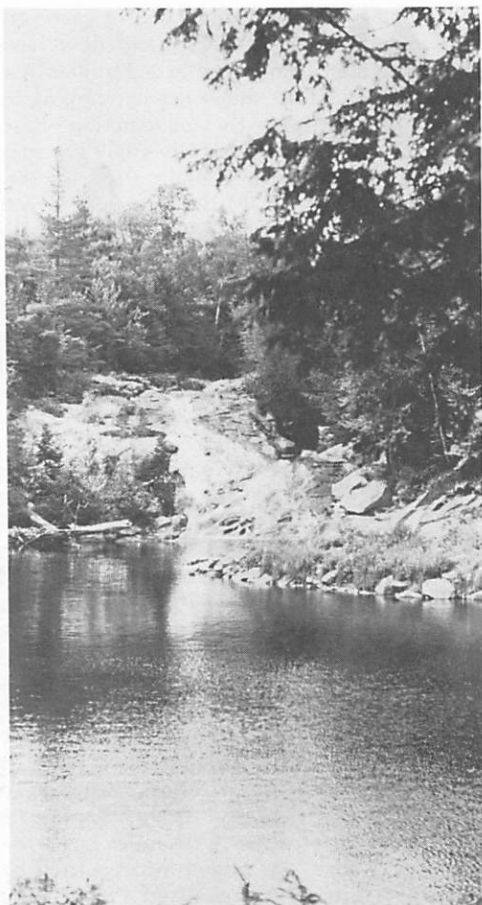




Photo by Bill Haynes

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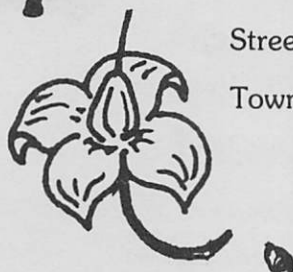
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SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

THURSDAY - AUGUST 16, 1979 - CHILDREN'S DAY

Oxen Pulling (10 A.M.) - Antique Show (11 A.M.)
Judging Matched Oxen & Steers (1 P.M.) - Penny Hunt (1 P.M.)
Kiddie Parade (6 P.M.) - Fiddlers' Contest (8 P.M.)

FRIDAY - AUGUST 17, 1979 - SENIOR CITIZENS DAY

(Senior Citizens Free with Membership Card)
Antique Show Continues (9 A.M.)
Showing & Judging Beef Breeds (10:30 A.M.)
Showing & Judging Dairy Breeds (11:30 A.M.)
Penny Hunt (12:30 P.M.) - Pony Pulling (1 P.M.) - Disco Dancing (2 P.M.)
Draft Pony Show (2 P.M.) - Pony Sweepstakes (4 P.M.)
Dancing with Leslie Jones Orchestra (8:30-12:30)

SATURDAY - AUGUST 18, 1979 - WOODSMANS DAY

Antique Show Continues (10 A.M.) - Horse Pulling (10 A.M.)
Penny Hunt (11 A.M.) - Woodsmen's Events (1:30 P.M.)
Judging Draft Horse, Colts & Town Teams (1:30 P.M.)
Horse Pulling (2 P.M.) - Chicken Barbeque (2 P.M.)
Disco Dancing (3 P.M.) - Horse Sweepstakes (6:30 P.M.)
Dancing with Howard Allen (9 P.M.)

SUNDAY - AUGUST 19, 1979 - FAMILY DAY

Exhibition Hall Opens (1 P.M.) - Grand Parade (1 P.M.)
4-Wheel Drive Pull (2 P.M.) - Garden Tractor Pull (3 P.M.)
Firemen's Muster to Follow

Exhibition Hall will be open at 9 A.M. Thurs., Fri., Sat.

Aunt Ada's Artful Walls

by Lucretia Douglas

At eighty-one Aunt Ada decided to stop knitting afghans and start doing needlepoint for relaxation on rainy days. On good days she relaxes by building stone walls.

Back in 1913 Aunt Ada was chief operator for the New England Telephone Company in Gorham, Maine. Two years later her mother, Nellie Carteret, bought the Baldwin and Sebago Telephone Company from Dr. Norton and moved it from East Sebago to her home in North Baldwin. Aunt Ada returned home to work for her mother (who had been the sole operator on twenty-four hour a day duty), until the phone company was sold in 1956.

In 1922 she married Frank Chase Parker of Baldwin, and they built their present home close to her mother's so it would be convenient for her to work at all hours. Her husband had been a carpenter all his life, building everything from houses to travel trailers and large boats.

Each fall they travel to northern Maine for a two-weeks' hunting trip with their two daughters. It was on one trip they took to Chamberlain Lake in the Allagash that Aunt Ada built her first stone wall. Looking for something to do while others were hunting, she was disgusted with the refuse people had

dumped beside the camping area and decided to do something about it. She built a wall over two feet tall, carrying some of the rocks all the way up from the lake to make it. Sometimes she waded over her knees picking up flat rocks from the water.

Probably other campers have come upon this precisely-built wall in the wilderness and wondered who built it, little dreaming it was made by a sixty-year-old woman.

Ever since that time, Ada has spent many hours building walls around her home and sometimes around the neighbor's houses. Her walls are easy to distinguish. First, she levels the ground directly under the wall if possible—no fancy job is needed, but if the ground is fairly even underneath, the rocks will fit together easier.

Then, she places the largest rocks on bottom, with the smoothest side out, in two parallel rows, filling in between them with small and odd-shaped rocks. The secret, she says, is to fit the rocks together by trial and error until one is found that fits just right. Some people have a knack for this, others can't get the rocks to mesh right no matter how hard they try.

On the next layer of rocks, the joints are broken so the wall has no big open spaces and is stronger. This is done on both outside rows of bigger rocks so that each layer that is added is placed part-way over the bottom rock.

Aunt Ada makes her walls of rocks only. But rocks can be joined together with cement (ratio $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 parts sand to one part cement). The cement should not be too soft and sloppy and not too much should be mixed at a time as it may take time to hunt for the right size rocks. Using cement means that poorer rocks can be used in the wall since cement will fill up the holes and the wall will be harder to knock down. However, the wall looks more artificial.

Some of Aunt Ada's walls have been around for many years and look as good as those she just made. Last fall was the first year the family didn't take a trip to northern Maine but everyone is looking forward to this fall—Aunt Ada is wondering how her wilderness wall survived the winter. "Probably needs repairs," she says. □





Stone Walls

photos by Bill Haynes



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Vera and Malden Freep

The famous Scribner Hill Little Bit Players opened their 1979 season with a gripping tale of thwarted love and mayhem which may put the Bit Players on Broadway, or out of business. "It's a tossup," says the players' fiery director, T. Briarmeer Vootmitch. "One glorious goof can spell disaster."

The Bit Players' opening endeavor featured two accomplished newcomers, Vera and Malden Freep, who hail from Puggleyville. The radiant young couple has appeared on stage at Coburn Gore, North Buckfield, and Rumford Point, in exciting dramatic efforts which held the audience spellbound. (Some critics claim the audience was fast asleep, but the people paid their admission and that's all that really counts, according to director Vootmitch.)

Vera and Malden are, as you may have guessed, the mad lovers in this torrid romantic adventure set in the rolling hills around Brimstone Corner. As the play slips into the second act, their intense love for one another suddenly turns sour when wily Malden is discovered in a bear-hug with a new-found friend out behind the cow barn. From there-on-in, the story takes a nasty turn when Vera, fierce with rage, threatens to do in wandering Malden. But the author makes sure the other woman shows up in time to discourage Vera's best-laid plans for revenge.

Malden plays a convincing paramour, and Vera is superb as the luckless lover ruthless in her lust for vengeance. You can throw a bang-tailed catamount through the roof of the ramshackle old playhouse and you're certain to get wet when it rains. But despite the perils, the house was packed to the rafters at this gala first-nighter event. The famous Scribner Hill Bit Players do better when the curtain goes up before a full house.

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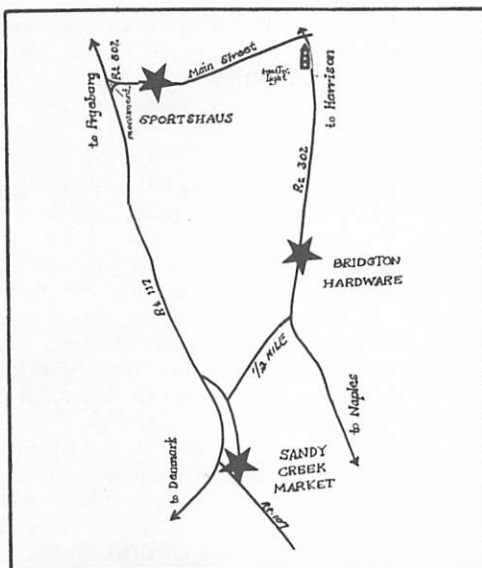
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Folk Tales

Henry

Shortly after we moved to Otisfield to our retirement farm, my husband drove into the yard followed by a trailer on which sat the motley remains of what was once a Model A Ford truck, cut down to make a tractor of sorts. He was all grins as he showed off his new purchase—a most valuable tractor for farm use. I was skeptical, to say the least. The machine looked held together by not much of anything but faith, with rocks in the back to weigh it down, a five-gallon oil can under the dash for gas, and springs sticking out all over.

Five years after its arrival I have to admit that Henry (of course, named after the great Mr. Ford) is many times more useful than the newer red tractor with which we do our plowing. Shortly after acquiring the machine, my husband Larry met Richard Maxim of Norway, whose hobby happened to be Model A Fords. Together they conducted a complete overhaul and ring job on a motor that was then fifty years old. Miraculously, Henry always manages to start, even after a cold winter spent under the barn, and has more pull than our other tractor, as well as many more uses.



A huge rock in the garden? Henry pulls it out easily once a chain has been put around the rock and attached to the back of the tractor. Rocks abound on New England farms and those in the garden are a bugaboo for Larry. Consequently, he can be found each spring pulling out all the new ones which have found their way to the surface during the winter freezes. An old truck hood is attached to Henry's back end after a bit. The rocks are piled on it, and pulled down to the edge of the woods to a fast-growing rock pile.

Hardly a year passes that someone doesn't get stuck on the road up above us during the April mud season, despite all warnings about the road being impassable. We always go to the rescue with our "bucket of bolts."

When our grandson was younger and interested in driving, his grandfather taught him the intricate workings of Henry and set the two loose in the fields around the house. Wasn't the youngster tickled when he was allowed to drive Henry right into the barn! The younger children love to climb up on Henry and go for a ride around the fields, much preferring the ride to that of the newer tractor.

In the spring, after the next winter's wood has been cut and piled in the woods, Henry chugs on down with a trailer attached and carries the supply up to the house over ruts, rocks, mud—anything.

Then, a screw auger fits on the tractor's rear wheel, and cords and cords of wood get split for kitchen and Franklin stoves, with only two people needed for the job. One sits up front (careful to avoid the springs that occasionally pop out) and runs the motor while the second works at the actual wood splitting. Last fall, ten cords of wood were split and toted up to the shed in less than half the time it would have taken to split it by hand—and it was much more fun.

Henry has taken its place among the most valuable pieces of our farm equipment, and I am sure that nothing could pry it loose from my husband. Its personality and uses are well-entrenched at the Griffiths farm. □

*Crescentia Griffiths
Otisfield*

BitterSweet

Notes:

Yankee Quilting '79

In Europe during the 12th century, groups of craftsmen began to band together to support one another, to train apprentices, and to promote their particular craft. *The Pine Tree Quilters' Guild* is a 20th century adaptation of the medieval guilds, formed to promote an ancient craft which has become a valued art form.

The Guild's members are gifted, creative seamstresses who are willing and happy to share their skills with others less experienced than they. Two quilting groups—the Pine Needles in South Paris, and the Country Store group in East Waterford, met locally all last winter.

At regular weekly meetings, guild women stitch and stuff and swap sewing information. Some of them, like Louise Huff, Regional Director of the state guild and a retired Home Economics teacher, have a lot of knowledge to share about stitchery. Many are working on their own designs; some are finishing up projects begun years ago—like the intricately lovely Lone Star quilt first pieced by the grandmother of Colleen Tucker of South Paris in 1929, and finally worked by hand into a quilt just last year.

The South Paris and East Waterford groups are part of *The Country Road Quilters*—a chapter of Pine Tree Quilters Guild in western Maine. Together with about a hundred others, local women (people like Ellie Lundstrom of Harrison, Linda Miller of Bethel, Nancy Morin of Oxford, Donna Kimbal of Waterford, and Hope Millett of Norway) exhibited a myriad of old and new creations at the Second Annual PTQG Quilt Show, entitled *Yankee Quilting '79*, in Farmington this summer.

Louise Huff, a member of the planning committee for the three-day show, was excited by the response to the affair. An editor for *Ladies Circle Patchwork* quilting magazine covered the show for the October issue. Over 200 quilts were on display and 200 more items were on sale. Mrs. Huff estimated that approximately 700 visitors attended the show.



Louise Huff

The exhibition was representative of nine chapters throughout Maine. There were fragile antique quilts, new pieces in traditional patterns, or original contemporary designs, baby coverlets, huge wall hangings, patchwork spreads draped over racks and assorted pieces of antique furniture or affixed to the walls like the true works of art they are. They bore enticing names like "Grandmother's Flower Garden," "Trip Around The World," "Snake In The Hollow," "Hired Hands," "Cosmology I," "Sam's Peacocks," "Hole In The Barn Door," "Storm At Sea," "Blazing Star," and "Spruce Trees."

Commercial exhibits were in place for the sale of patterns and templates, fabrics and sewing machines, books and notepaper silk-screened with old-time quilt designs.

Hanging at the windows was a magnificent display of stained glass fashioned in quilt patterns like "Baby's Block," "Log Cabin," and "Drunkard's Path." Demonstrations of techniques such as Quilting on a Frame, Vertical Japanese Patchwork, Pattern Drafting, Piecework, Machine and Lap Quilting were happening every hour. Quilters from far and near were talking things over and learning from one another, which is true to the warm tradition of this Early American craft.

The patchwork quilt was an early form of recycling. Thrifty homemakers used scraps of worn-out clothing—chintz, muslin, calico, even satin and velvet—and things with personal memory-value, like Mother's apron, Father's shirt, the Chinese silk Grandpa brought back on a Yankee clipper. Nothing was wasted; even scraps could become a warm winter coverlet.

Favorite patterns were developed and passed on from generation to generation. Special motifs were regional, like the bright colors of the Amish, the Southern pineapple symbol of hospitality, or the tulip in Pennsylvania "Dutch" country. Also popular were biblical and place names, like "Rose of Sharon" and "North Carolina Rose;" native flora and fauna; or traditions from the old

countries. Colonial women invented their own patterns or variations on classical ones.

Pictorial square quilts depicting vignettes of farm and village life were common—and still are popular today, as was evidenced by many at the Farmington show. Quilts were always either *pieced*—little cut pieces formed into geometric shapes and sewn into blocks—or *appliqued*—with each element of the design cut out, hemmed and then stitched onto blocks of fabric.

Then, early American women would get together at "bees" to finish quilts—all the little blocks would be stitched together, attached to a backing, then stretched in a large frame so many quilters could stitch at one time to outline the designs, and finally padded. Those occasions were important social events for members of isolated farm families as well as, like the guild meetings of today, a means of passing on technical tips.

With the skill and art of their needles, colonial women decorated their homes, practiced fancy stitchery, and exercised their creative tendencies. It is clear from the *Yankee Quilting '79* show that busy Maine women—both on farms and in cities—are following the same pattern today. □

Nancy Marcotte



NOTE: Colonial flowers is moving to 237 Main Street, Norway (same telephone).



TIMBERLINE RODS

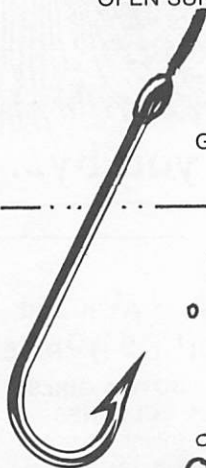
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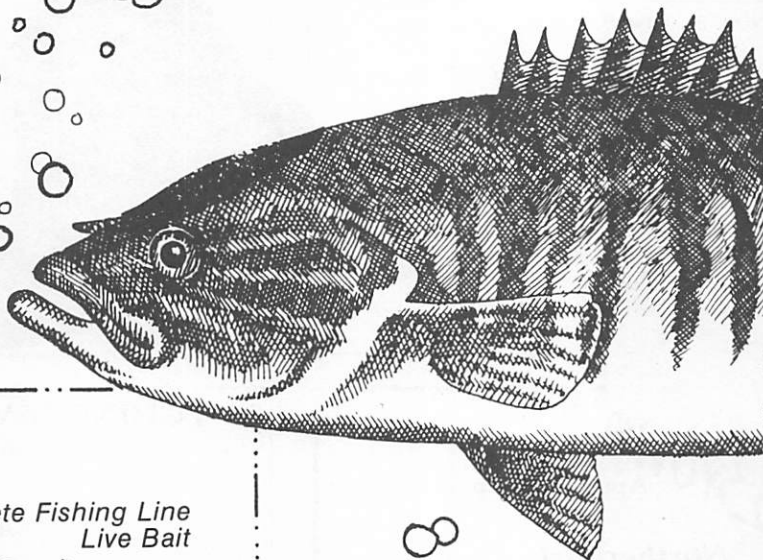


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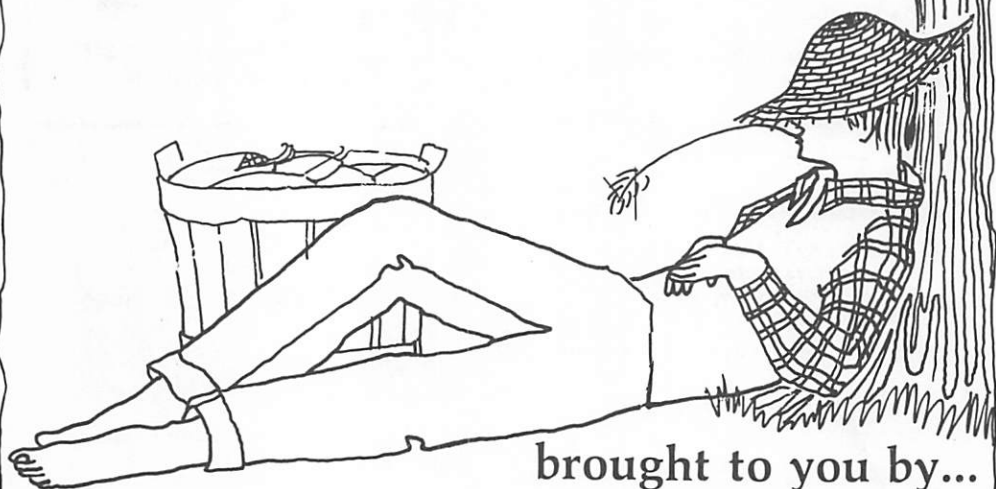
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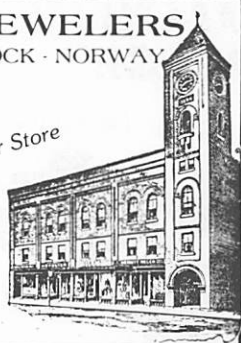
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And reaching out to entwine
The peonies now in bud.

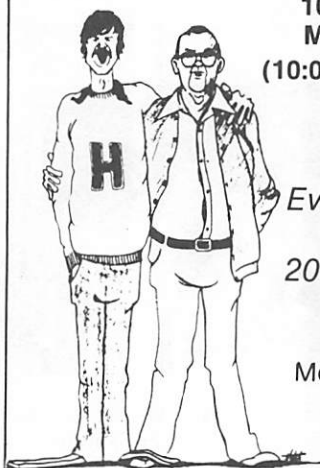
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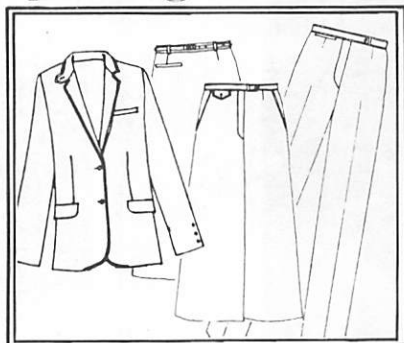
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Making It

Heather, Becky, Bob, Kate, Charlie, Paula, Allyn



There's an old Rogers and Hart song that might well have been written about this section of the country (not surprisingly, since Richard Rogers spent childhood summers at Camp Wigwam in South Waterford). The words of the song about the scenery of a "mountain greenery" for "just two crazy people together" do fit Charlie ("Hutch") and Paula McKenney Hutchinson. Their snug little brown-trimmed cabin sits squarely in the greenery of the Maine woods. While it's not exactly situated on a mountain (more like a hill—Ryerson Hill—in Paris), the scenery is pretty spectacular: distant views of the White Mountains and nearer glimpses of apple orchards as one descends the wide dirt road to the Hutchinson house.

The house itself is splendid scenery; designed and built by Charlie and his bride, Paula, it sits among ancient trees, a natural cedar-shingled little house with big windows. It has a feeling of space that belies its five-room size. At the same time it's cozy with pine-panelled walls, low-beamed ceilings, a ship-shape stairway curving up around the chimney where crackling wood fires burn on cold evenings.

Charlie moved to Maine ten years ago and bought an old farm. He raised horses, pigs and "cain" there for a while, then sold the old farmstead and kept some acreage to build on. After the foundation was poured, every step of the new house from then on was handcrafted with care by family members and friends.

Paula and Charlie are indeed unique, but they are not, as the song goes, "just two." They've only been married a year but Hutch's teenage son, Allyn, is part of a resident carpenter team working on the not-quite-finished domicile. A champion skier, Allyn just graduated from high school and plans to attend New England College in the fall, so he won't be around much, but the Hutchinsons will probably never be alone. That's the way they seem to like it.



HUTCHINSON BROS. & FAMILY

Heather Hutchinson lives with her dad every summer, and there are always assorted friends, relatives, neighbors, dogs, birds, raccoons, and—according to Hutch—gnomes (who live under the big trees) at their house.

Both Hutchinson husband and wife were raised on Cape Cod to be sailboat, horse and outdoor-enthusiasts and are now commercial artists at Western Maine Graphics. Paula, a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Art, has Maine family roots reaching back several generations. She has aspirations to someday illustrate children's books, but right now is occupied with marketing original note sheet designs. Begun at Western Maine Graphics, but quickly consolidated under the name Moose River Designs by Hutch and Paula, the stationery features wonderful drawings of country things and is sold at places like Books-n-Things and L. L. Bean (as well as through **BitterSweet**).

Now there's yet another venture in the wind. Called Hutchinson Brothers because it includes Charlie's brother, Bob, a full-time teacher and part-time photographer, the new business features delightful old-time style photographs of contemporary people. In a carefully-restored 1931 Chevy truck, the Hutchinsons will be making the rounds of fairs and antique shows. For under ten

dollars, folks will be able to don the costume of their choice and have their portrait taken as some figure out of the not-too-distant past.

What's your desire? Cowboy? Confederate soldier? Wild west sheriff? Dance hall girl? Southern belle? Try on a fantastic hat, pick up an antique prop, sit in an old chair with an appropriately turn-of-the-century backdrop behind you, and slip into a backless outfit. The costumes are all authentic—Charlie flew out to California to get them from a Hollywood costumer. Your brown-tone picture will be prepared while you wait and put into an old-fashioned mount; you will undoubtedly be charmed by the image.

The latest Hutchinson venture is an appealing family operation. Heather will handle the change; Bob's girls, Kate and Becky, and his wife, Liz, also lend a hand.

So, while you're taking in the country fairs this fall, be on the lookout for the Hutchinson Brothers and clan. They will be at Waterford Fair and at Norway's Episcopal Church in August; at Oxford County and at Fryeburg fairs in the fall. You can be sure that, wherever you find them and whatever they set their minds to, it will be done with fun, flair, and imagination. □

Nancy Marcotte



Recollections

Maine Is Forever

by Inez Farrington

PART VIII

AUGUST

The summer is slipping away rapidly, for we count August as our last real summer month. It gives us hot days that bring a taste of Florida and California weather to Maine. The days rush past us now that we are busy crowding the last bit of summer into thirty-one of them. The endless song of the cricket is heard through the hot days and silent nights. The birds are still, as if resting from the spring efforts in building a home and bringing up their families. The frogs have long since ceased their chorus and nothing is heard from them except the occasional "grump" of a huge bullfrog.

This short croak of the bullfrog is a sign that we will have thunder storms in a few hours. Bullfrogs are loved and protected by Maine people, not that they make nice pets, but because they are entirely harmless and they are not too plentiful. They help to rid a bog or marsh of flies and mosquitoes and their deep croak in the middle of the night is a cheerful sound.

August is berry picking time in Maine and I'm sure that no native of the state can say he never has had the experience of picking some kind of berries in the hot August sun. It is not uncommon for strawberries, raspberries




and blueberries to be ripe at the same time, so you have a choice of picking your favorite. In my opinion, picking blueberries is the most fun, even though your pail will not fill as fast as with blackberries. Maine blueberries grow on low bushes that make them a back-breaking job to pick and will grow abundantly on land that has been burned over. Many farmers will burn over a large field or pasture and in a few years they have a nice little business, when they open their berry pasture to the public.

The public, with the exception of small children and dogs, are allowed to pick all they wish at so much per quart and a blueberry pasture on a Sunday afternoon in August is a pleasant, cheerful, and busy place. Families make the work into fun by taking along a picnic supper to be eaten under the huge maple. Browns are mopped as each one compares his pail of berries with his neighbor. Sandwiches and cool drinks from thermos jugs vanish as they relax in the welcome shade. After supper everyone goes back to help others fill their nearly full pails. Shouts and laughter ring out as neighbors and friends enjoy a visit across the blue-tipped bushes. Laws of politeness forbid anyone picking as much as one berry from his neighbor's selected patch. It is also against the blueberry law of courtesy to steal a full pail of berries the owner may have left sitting in the bushes while he goes in search of a new picking place. It has been know to happen but, the offender being too young for punishment, the secret never was disclosed.

I had taken my two youngsters and a neighbor lady with her small boy to a blueberry pasture where children were allowed. I can understand now why they are forbidden most places. Our pails were about

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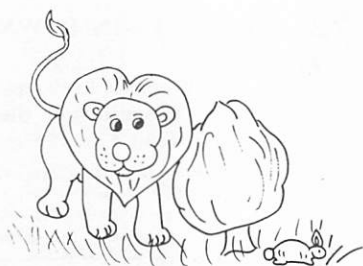
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Leo And The Bee

Author & Illustrator: Laura B. Holmberg



Leo was a Lion.
He liked to stalk animals.



He liked to sit and doze.



He liked to sleep, too.



He liked to smell tulips...



One day he saw a bee.



The bee landed on a flower.



The bee saw Leo and said, "Hi!"



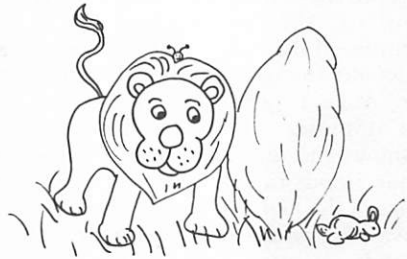
Leo said "Hi!" back to the bee...



...And they became friends.



The bee slept with Leo...



...And stalked with Leo...

...And they were friends for as long
as they lived, and they played
in the sun and the rain and the snow
forever.

*Laura Holmberg is ten years old. She is a resident
of South Waterford, the daughter of Col. John and
Mrs. Jackie Holmberg.*

half full when the neighbor's son came over from his patch with his pail full and another one half full. We marveled at one so young being able to pick so much faster than we could, but we figured that was the advantage of youth over age. On our way home as we were still talking about it, he calmly announced that it was easy, for all he did was fill his pails from one he had found in his patch! There being nothing to be done about it at this late date, the culprit was forbidden any blueberry pie. I wonder what the owner of the full pail thought when he returned!

Picking blackberries is an altogether different experience. Blackberries are not as abundant as blueberries and when one finds a patch where they are plentiful he keeps the news to himself. These berries are protected from blackberry pie lovers by long thorns that will scratch and tear the skin and clothing. They grow best in thickets of cut-down brush and around stone walls, making the possibility of stepping on an unseen snake an experience that is not eagerly anticipated. Bears like blackberries as well as we do; so pick with one eye on the berries and one eye watching for the Bruin family. By the time we have a pail full of blackberries the scratches from the strong thorns have given us the appearance of having encountered them, but that pie that appears for dessert the next day is well worth it all.

As August goes on, the heat grows more intense. There are long days of sunshine and no rain until at last the thunderclouds roll up in the west, lightning flashes in the night sky, windows are closed, the washing on the line is hurriedly gathered in, and scattered pillows and toys are brought in off the lawn. The storm breaks with a crash of thunder, but after a few brilliant flashes of lightning it usually passes over the village, leaving the promise of cooler weather for tomorrow.

August is canning time for Maine housewives. Everything finds its way into glass jars to add to the growing supply on the cellar shelves. The lonely jars of maple syrup now have neighbors: berries of all kinds, string beans, peas—and now the housekeeper is busy adding pears, peaches, sweet corn, and all the many kinds of pickles that only Maine ladies know how to make. New and improved ways of canning do much to make the process easier but I still like to can beans and corn the old-fashioned way,

though working at a summer camp all day as I do means that my canning must be done in the evening.

By my method, beans and corn must be cooked for two and one-half to three hours over a hot kitchen fire, which does not trouble me in the least. I have a hot fire in the stove and retire to the cool porch to wait for the boiling process. I know of no finer way to enjoy an August evening and to see the real beauty of it. A ride in the car in early evening is cooling and enjoyable, but you miss the moonlight by looking into the glare of lights from passing cars. Your own front porch is also cool and quiet. The children are in bed and the dog is asleep under Glen's bed. I am alone with the crickets and the kitten who naps on the steps. Flickers of lightning light the yard and I notice a forgotten blanket left where Lois was taking a sun bath in the afternoon. The night is still, for August seems to go to sleep easily, like a tired baby. In the distance is the sound of the bell on the neighbor's cow, as she shakes off a troublesome fly. The kitten sees a moth flirting by and makes a sudden leap that rouses me from my thoughts. He misses and the moth flies away to quieter places and both the kitten and I settle down again, the kitten to resume his nap and I to resume my thinking.

Anyone who has the mistaken idea that Maine never has any hot weather can prove the contrary by reading records in Maine diaries for the month of August: "90 in the shade," "94 today," "96 at supper time," are very common entries to read. The earth is dry and the lawn parched, the flowers droop in the sun; and all day the lake resounds with shouts from the many swimmers who are seeking relief from the heat. The only private way to enjoy a swim in August is in your own bathtub. Every lake and pond overflows with happy bathers of all ages and sizes. Experts and amateurs alike wash their dirt and their cares away at the same time.

Long after dark the swimmers yell and splash, and to us who live near the lake, the sound is a pleasant one as we sit on the porch or lawn waiting for it to cool off enough to be comfortable for sleep. We watch the cars from Florida, Idaho, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Washington and Virginia slip by and wonder how people who live in city tenements can stand the heat. We watch the kittens chase an illusive firefly and wonder if tomorrow will be as hot. We watch what in

Maine we call "heat lightning" flicker over Barker's house and discuss the idea of going to the World of Mirth shows tomorrow night if it is cooler. The tired kitten goes to sleep on my shoulder, the robins are "skipping" for rain, the children are getting sleepy, the hot Maine day is over. If we are not kept awake by storms, we will sleep well in the cool air that comes to Maine at night even after the hottest days.

August is the perfect month to make a combined business and pleasure trip after mountain blueberries. They ripen later than our valley berries so sometimes the trip has to be made late on, but if they are ripe in August it is the best month, for mountain tops can be very cold later in the season. Albany, Baldface and Speckle mountains in this vicinity are all favorites both for berry picking and their wonderful view.

Today the trip is easy compared to what it was in Grandpa's day. In those days it meant an early morning start after the old buckboard wagon had been loaded with blankets, dishes, food, an axe, and several lanterns. After the horse had been driven as far as possible, he was housed at the house nearest the foot of the mountain. Then the supplies were loaded on the backs of the men and the party started the long up-hill hike. The women went along with the children for the "weaker sex" could usually be depended on to do most of the berry-picking. Usually it was nightfall when the mountain top was

reached and there was much to do before darkness settled down. Boughs were cut for a lean-to shelter and beds. A fire was built and supper prepared and eaten while dusk slowly settled in the valley. The fire was kept burning all night, both for the comfort it gave and to keep away wandering bears. No place is as dark as a mountain top and the fire's cheerful gleam was a comfort to any timid soul who happened to wake up in the night.

August seems to speed by on wings in spite of the sometimes uncomfortable heat. Maine is wide open to the public—every hotel, cottage, and overnight camp is filled. Traffic is heavy on main roads and finds its way back to the narrow fern-lined country lanes. No more do we meet only our neighbors on the streets; the faces we see now are unfamiliar and wear a tan no Maine native ever acquires. We admire the beautiful toasted brown and try in our spare time to acquire the same color, but such a tan needs hours under the sun and we are too busy catering to our summer guests to get their well-done look.

August is the busy month for sports, for there is only a short time left for outdoor activities in Maine. For many years I have enjoyed the distinction of being the only lady sports reporter in Maine, and this book would not be complete without a mention of the many sports we can offer. I would hesitate to say which sport leads in popularity in the state, but I believe that fishing is one of the leading ones, for we have brooks, lakes, and the sea in which to try your luck.

August is Carnival and Old Home month, Or maybe it should be called Old Home Week, for many towns put on a week's celebration consisting of sports, games, parades, and concessions of every kind. This is a week when money pours into town from our summer visitors and when everyone who ever lived in the town returns to see the fun and visit old friends and relatives.

As the last of August comes, farmers are eagerly watching their corn crop which has been carefully tended all summer in preparation for market in one of the many corn factories in Maine. The state ranks high in production of corn and in its canning. The town of Fryeburg, with its low ground and level fields, produces the most corn, with South Paris a close second. Corn factories,

SUMMER FOLK

A bat came down today from the chimney
ledge

To start us as we swept and set to rights
By imminent domain of the seasonal sort
A summer cottage long unused.

Transfixed we watched its crooked
hexagonal gait

Across the bricks to where it stopped
head down

As if to inspect our progress of inquire
Just who we were and what we were about.

I raised the broom to sweep it to the floor,
Intruder that it was, wasn't it, or we?
But it turned first into another crack
Sounding a parting chirp to let us know—

It weren't imposed upon—we'd soon be gone.

*David W. Stonebreaker
Hebron*

called corn shops by Maine folks, usually start canning by the last week in August.

Canning is a job that the ladies can do, so it is a mixed crowd that gathers on opening day. The ladies are a strange looking sight in their slacks, rubber boots, and kerchiefs tied over their heads. Slacks are worn instead of dresses because of the danger from machinery; rubber boots are worn because the floor is wet from constantly having a hose turned on it to keep it clean; kerchiefs are either to keep your hair out of the corn or the corn out of your hair. I imagine some law says to keep the corn free of any floating hair, but the flying corn and juice will soon ruin a permanent, so the ladies are glad to obey orders and keep their heads well covered.

Days are long in a corn shop for the corn must be canned quickly before it sours in the sheds or frost hits it in the fields. An ordinary day starts at seven in the morning and ends at midnight, which is a long time to keep up with machinery. The ladies sometimes break under the strain and are carried out into the air in a fainting spree, but are usually back on the job the next morning.

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Just beyond Bethel Inn, Bethel, Maine

Many guests visit a corn shop to see just how corn is canned, especially summer folk who come in with their pretty dresses and carefully-done hair—to see us dirty and splattered with corn and our slacks stiff with water and corn syrup. It gives us an inferior feeling and my ambition is to dress up in my very best some day and go visiting at a corn shop in its rush hours. We were honored once by a visit from the Governor, who posed for pictures for the newspapers with us in our filthy outfits. None of us ever did any bragging about being photographed with the Governor and we destroyed the pictures before any of our friends saw them.

No one who has ever worked in a corn shop cares much for corn. Maybe just the sight of so much of it to be canned takes away our appetite, or it could be the thought of corn borers, but to me it is the memory of the sour odor that clings to one for days. Workers do not have time to wash their hair each night and there is very little use in putting on clean clothes every day, for the odor seems to cling to one in spite of anything one can do. The shops are kept clean according to all laws and live steam is turned over the entire shop and machinery several times a day. A germ could not possibly live here, but the corn shop aroma lingers on long after the last ear of corn is in a can and you have gone home, washed your hair, had a bath, and put on your very best perfume.

The thermometer takes a sudden drop overnight, the ground is white with frost in the morning and the corn shop season is over for a year. The new friends you have made return to their homes, send you a card at Christmas time, and you hear from them only through the local papers until you meet them again next year. August has sped by like a passing train: our summer is nearly gone and we begin to plan our own vacation for next month when our guests are gone and time does not mean so much to us. Fairs are already under way and we can look forward to our own, and maybe this year we can visit one we never have seen. We are not too downhearted for we still have September before cold weather comes, and here it is the last day of August and ninety-two in the shade! □

Mrs. Farrington, a native of East Stoneham, now resides at Ledgeview Nursing Home in West Paris. She wrote her book **Maine Is Forever**, from which the above article is reprinted, in 1954.

Dr. LaCombe, a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, is on the Stephens Memorial Hospital Health Education Advisory Board.

Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

GETTING THIN

Getting thin, and staying there, demands a drastic change in daily routine and lifestyle. Sensible dieting, a change in behavior, daily exercise, and help from others are essential to any weight loss program. Before embarking on such a program one should reflect upon how such a change will affect family, friendships, job, and leisure time activities. One needs to begin to set priorities. An effective program will cost about an hour and a half a day. Will your daily routine permit it? Where will you find the time? Who and what will suffer?

The effort to lose weight may take a year or more, and will mean giving up time every day; it will mean saying no to Aunt Martha's custard pies (and deeply wounding Aunt Martha), being "antisocial" at parties when other chubby hands reach for drinks and treats but you do not. It will mean feeling and looking ridiculous when you exercise and all your fat goes up when you are coming down. It will mean saying yes to yourself and feeling guilty, or saying no and feeling pain. There are people who would like to keep you fat, and losing weight is never painless.

Yes, you want to get thin—it's that important. Next, then, decide that your obesity is a disease, that you are different from normal people (who are thin), that you cannot eat what they eat and expect to look like them. Pretend, if you wish, that you are diabetic, or a heart patient, or must be on a special diet and must conduct yourself

differently to stay alive. (An analogy not too far from the truth!) Decide, too, that you haven't the vaguest notion of how you look, that your "feelings" will never tell you what you weigh or how much you have lost. Decide that hunger itself never burned up a calorie. Decide that you have a terrible self-image and are at the same time both too harsh and too lenient with yourself. Rely on objective data: the scales, clothing sizes, the mirror, pictures. Don't trust yourself until you have won the battle.

Next, get a good physucal—to quiet that part of you that still believes your problem to be glandular or some bizarre metabolic disease which no one has diagnosed. While you are there, get medical clearance for vigorous exercise and a target weight from your doctor. Don't rely on your own judgement of where you'd "feel" best. In other words, begin to mean business.

Now, before you dig in your cleats at the starting line, ready to run the race (again), yet afraid of finishing last (again), and needing a few cookies for strength (again), let's digress for a moment.

Imagine yourself living for a year in Switzerland, working at a modest job, making a modest living, living among the Swiss and doing what they do. No fast food chains; meat prices are far worse than here; Swiss gasoline at \$2.00 a gallon. If one wishes to buy processed foods, one saves and virtually makes a down payment. Your modest income doesn't permit dining out, nor beef, nor butter, nor a dozen eggs per week. You walk everywhere. You begin to think in terms of comfortable shoes rather than pizza. You have cereal for breakfast; homemade soup for lunch; bread, cheese, and garden vegetables for supper. Three times a week you eat sausage, or chicken, or fish. What's needed is a life change enforced from within. And it must be a drastic life change.

But before going on, let's temper this proselytism with another quote from R. N. Pirsig:

"The trouble is that essays always have to sound like God talking for eternity, and that isn't the way it ever is. People should see that it's never anything other than just one person talking from one place in time and space and circumstance. It's never been anything else, ever, but you can't get that across in an essay."

What's set down here is one way to lose weight, and it works. But it isn't the only way. And when you begin to think otherwise, I'd suggest you return to the quote.

We've already decided that this program will involve drastic changes, considerable sacrifice, and some pain and discomfort. We are ready for specifics now.

First, choose a well-balanced diet (about 1500 calories for men and about 1200 calories for women) designed to shed one to two pounds per week *maximum*. Then, forget about vitamins and concerns of malnutrition. Some good diets were mentioned last month. You can get one from your doctor. In conjunction with the diet, eliminate all processed and all favorite foods from your household. If the rest of the family wants cookies, let them go out for a treat. Have no desserts in your house—none. Never skip breakfast. Never skip any meal. Never snack. Never cheat, no matter whose party it is. You have a disease.

Get some help. Join a self-help group, or form one of your own, or weigh in at your doctor's office once a month. And where self-help groups are concerned, a note of caution: as a physician-advisor to TOPS, I saw many women rejoicing in this new-found society of theirs with new friends of similar propensity. I had the feeling that some women failed to lose weight lest they then have to leave this group, or cause their friends guilt and anxiety. Be wary of this.

Change your behavior immediately. Weigh yourself every day, no matter how painful. Do it in the morning. If that isn't incentive enough, get out the pictures of yourself in a bathing suit at top weight. Keep a list of everything you eat for a week, and total up the calories. It's an eye-opener. Dispel the notion that eating certain foods will cause weight loss (as in, "I've eaten tons of cottage cheese and haven't lost an ounce!"). Learn the difference between appetite and hunger. Learn to say no to the former. Learn that hunger won't kill you. Lastly, and most importantly, pause when you find yourself at the brink of failure. Inevitably you will find yourself there, at the brink, reaching for the donut and wondering, "do I or don't I?" Usually something bad happens at this point, clouds cover reason. Resolve is postponed until after the fact. Guilt and a full stomach prevail.

You *must* stop at the brink every time, step outside yourself, and consider the issue. Look at where you are, look at how petty and foolish this battle really is though it appears overwhelming from the inside. Reflect on your priorities. You will find yourself at the cutting edge, at the front line of the battle ground, where it's all won or lost. Realize you are there. Savor that fact, and then decide what to do. You can't fail.

Exercise is crucial to this program of weight loss. The kind of exercise required needs to be available in any weather, at any time of day or night, without a partner or group, and on a moment's notice. It must be available to every age group, be low cost, and involve some real exertion. Such criteria eliminate just about every form of exercise except for walking and running. And this gets us to the final key in the program. *You must walk for an hour every day of the year.* Time for this will have to come from somewhere. No matter what age, sex, or physical condition, this walking is required. If you are fifty pounds or less over your ideal weight, if you have no serious arthritis or heart disease, if you have had adequate medical clearance, and when you feel you are ready, you should progress from this walking to running. At first run only a small distance—say a quarter of a mile or so, and then walk the rest of the hour. Increase the running distance slowly; you have the rest of your life to work up to greater distances. If you have any chest discomfort with this exercise, have it looked into. And remember, get medical clearance before you begin.

An hour a day, every day, that's the key. We are not talking here about week-end jogging, nor joining The Running Cult. This is a life change...part of the daily routine...like moving to Switzerland, remember? This hour a day is so vital. When you quit doing it, you will begin to lose the battle. And the whole trick is in getting out the door; another cutting edge. Avoid the temptation to substitute for the walking and running. Any other exertion or exercise performed that day will be over and above the hour of walking and should be considered a bonus.

This hour a day will give you time to be alone, to think about how you got fat, why you're uptight, why you want to be thin...time to get in touch with yourself. Most truth can be found on the road. By

itself this hour will lose you twenty-five to thirty pounds a year, tone up your muscles, release anxiety (which was formerly assuaged with food). It will help your self-image; you will feel your body change, want to walk faster, and want to lose more weight to do so. Your self-confidence will return, your self-hate disappear. This exercise will be the least self-critical thing you can do. In the end it will mean saying yes to yourself. This hour alone will become your daily indulgence. This kind of self-indulgence will make you less susceptible to the other, calorie-laden kind.

When you have reached your goal, remember that staying there is no easier than what you've already endured. Keep the old pictures and the old clothes as a reminder. Continue the daily weigh-ins. Keep running. Remember what you have learned about yourself through the dieting, self-help groups, behavior modification, and the time alone with yourself on the road. Orient your life to experience, rather than to eating. In other words, stop to smell the flowers but don't eat them. Good luck. □

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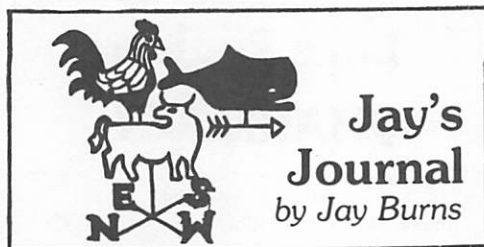
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SUMMER STORMS

It's August and August heralds the end of summer. Don't contemplate suicide yet, however, for August in Maine is the best summer month, with many days of warm and dry weather.

The reason for August's good summer weather is that the storm track, which brought us storms out of the south in the winter, has receded to its farthest northern point (now spreading across southern Canada). The only effects we get from storms along this track are occasional cold fronts that provide cooler weather.

The improving weather of August can be illustrated by the weather earlier in the summer. From June 30 to July 2 we were affected by a storm that developed in the Great Lakes region; it plodded along and nearly ruined the Fourth of July. This type of storm would never occur in August because the storm track has receded far enough to the north to spare us from the dismal weather.

While weather activity is at its minimum, we must still keep a "weather-eye" on the south—it's hurricane season. Hurricane activity rapidly increases after July 15th. The storm track for hurricanes affecting Maine leads from the tropics, where most hurricanes develop, along the eastern seaboard off Cape Hatteras and past Cape Cod (the same as the track of our winter northeasters). The last major hurricane to hit the hills and lakes region was before 1900. The most recent minor hurricane to hit the area was Hurricane Gerda in 1969.

Hurricanes do not roar up the seaboard often because ocean water off New England is too cool to support one; hurricanes feed on

the warm water of the tropics. When warm water is taken away from the heat-machine, the hurricane dies.

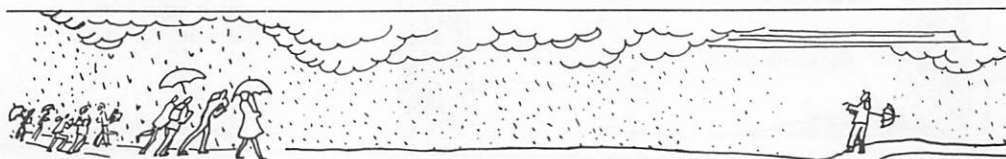
Minor weather phenomena, such as wind direction, air pressure and cloud cover, are quite different in summer than in winter. In the winter the wind is usually out of the north-to-east quadrant (signalling the approach of a storm), or out of the north-to-west quadrant (foretelling fair, cold weather). Winds from the southwest plague us then with warm air that clashes with the cold air over our region and forms clouds and light snow.

In the summer, the prevailing winds shift around to the southwest and west. This is because, with the absence of any storm activity, high pressure controls the weather. When the high pressure is to the south of us, the clockwise winds bring a southwest flow. No clouds or light precipitation accompany this air flow because the air over Maine is not dramatically colder than the air over the southern states this time of year. Southwest winds bring warm air and clear weather to the hills and lakes.

In winter, the barometric pressure rises and falls dramatically. From a normal pressure of about 29.90 inches (measured in inches of mercury that can be balanced by the air's weight), we have recorded a low pressure of 28.70 inches and a high of 30.30 inches. In the summer, barometric pressure does not fluctuate much, rarely falling below 29.60 inches. The pressure remains at about 30.00 because of the absence of storms. With continuous high pressure, the air pressure is just a little above normal.

A summer day will often start clear and cool with many fair-weather clouds in the sky. But as the day progresses, the clouds thicken, and by the end of the day the sky is overcast and threatening rain. Many people treat this phenomena as if it were winter: they prepare for a couple of days of cool, windy, rainy weather. But the next day dawns clear and warm. What happened?

These clouds are called *instability clouds*. They occur when an air mass is unstable, which means that, as you go up in the air, the



temperature falls more than 10° per 1000 meters. Any air warmed on the surface will rise spontaneously. As the air rises, it is cooled to its *saturation point*. The air is holding as much water vapor as it can. At this point, clouds form. During the night the clouds evaporate because no more air is rising to make clouds.

Following the discussion on instability cloudiness, the question rises, why do thunderstorms rumble across the area in the afternoon? In the morning the earth hasn't been warmed enough to produce any strong vertical movement of air, called *convection*. In the afternoon the instability cloudiness has built up enough so as to produce showers and, later, thundershowers.

Summer, and August is the time for heat waves. One of the most famous heat waves occurred just a few years ago, in 1975. August second became known as "Hot Saturday." The Boston Red Sox melted the Detroit Tigers 7-2 and Rick Wise lost nine pounds pitching in the 103° heat. At our house we recorded a maximum of 94°. We were playing tennis and tried to fry an egg on the asphalt court (though our attempt ended in failure). The all-time New England maximum, 107°, was recorded at Chester and New Bedford, Massachusetts.

One often wonders why the temperatures of August are almost as warm as those of July when August days are much shorter. The days are almost as warm because the sun, though not as hot as July, has heated the earth and the ocean to their warmest points of the year. The coastal waters retain their warmth and register their warmest readings about a month after the inland land masses register theirs. The land retains its thermal warmth enough to keep temperatures comfortable in the face of ever-shortening days.

As of this writing the fire danger signs are posted, telling us that the chances of a forest fire are high. In June we recorded only 1.05 inches of rain, which is 2.21 inches below normal by Portland standards. As of July we have recorded 1.50 inches but that came in one storm. There is no rain in sight now. The normal for July is 3.03 inches. In 1947, the year of tremendous forest fires in Maine, a normal May, June and July were followed by a rainless August and a below-normal September, after which fires ravaged the state during a dry October.

Our situation is potentially more explosive. If we experience a rainless August, the forest fire situation would be very hazardous. Only luck allowed us to survive 1978 without a major forest fire. So, as you enjoy the days of clear weather, remain aware of the ever-increasing forest fire danger each passing day brings. □

You don't say

At the time of the American Revolution the town of Poland was part of one big plantation or grant known as Bakerstown. It was one of the "Canada Townships," so-called, which was given by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the heirs of those who took part in the ill-fated expedition against Quebec in 1690. This vast area also encompassed the city of Auburn, and the towns of Mechanic Falls and Minot.

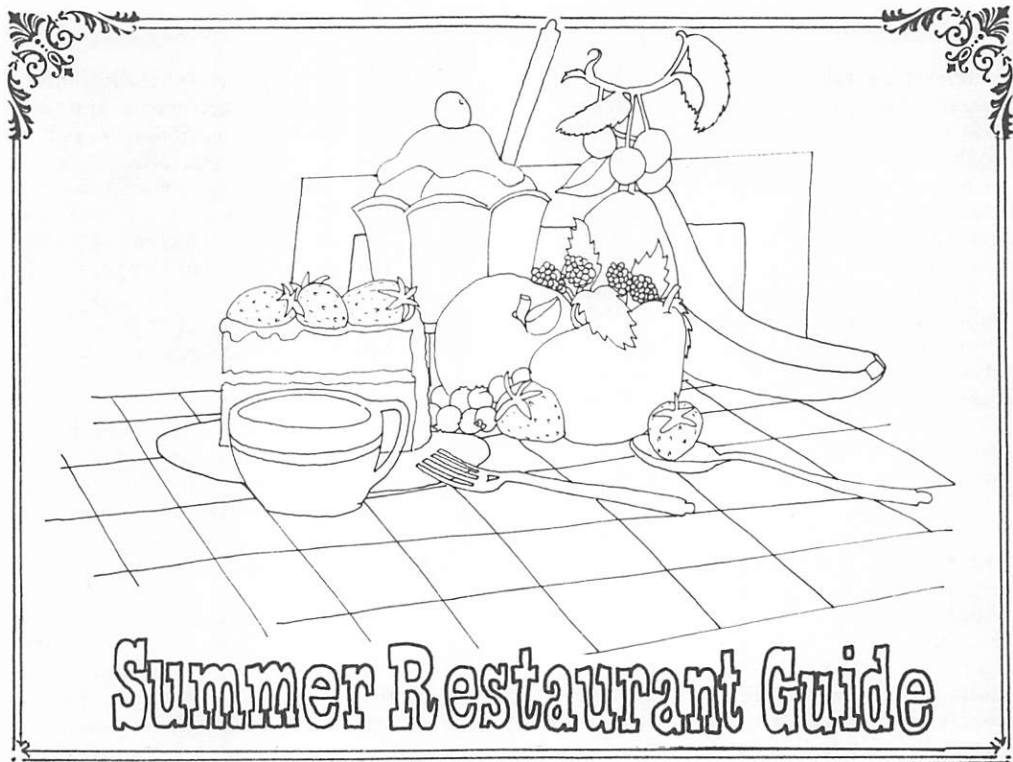
When the territory now known as Poland was incorporated from Bakerstown on February 17, 1795, Moses Emery, one of the town's early settlers, headed the committee acting for the incorporation of the settlement and chose Poland, which caused much speculation for years afterward.

Some believed it to be named in honor of an Indian Chief Poland, who was killed by the scout Manchester. Others thought the name Poland was chosen after an ancient European Kingdom.

But it was known to many at the time that Moses Emery had a great love for the ancient melody *Poland* found in early psalm books, and he suggested that the incorporated town be named after it, which it was. *Russ Penney*

Mechanic Falls

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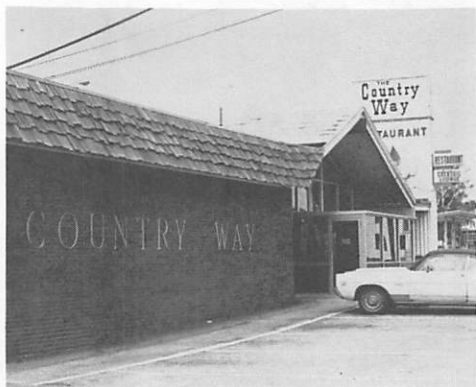


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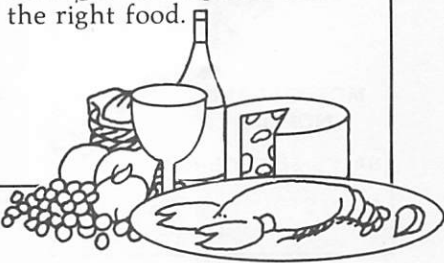


Downstairs at the Bethel Inn provides an informal atmosphere for lunch, dinner, and late evening dining until midnight. Perfect for before or after golf.

Full course dinners as well as hamburgers and specialty sandwiches available. Live entertainment Tuesday through Saturday.



So whatever your mood is and whatever you feel like eating, the Bethel Inn has the right atmosphere and the right food.



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Goings On

ART

WESTERN MAINE ART GROUP EXHIBITS: Through Aug. 12—*American Folk Art* from the collection of Richard G. Durnin; Aug. 14-31—*Paintings by Lee Bean*. Gallery hrs. Tues.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 2-7. Tel. 743-8846.

FOURTH ANNUAL ARTISTS & ARTISANS FAIR: Sat., Aug. 18, 11 a.m.-4 p.m. at the Lovell Library & Old Village School.

MUSIC

CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL: Sebago-Long Lake Region 7th Annual Series of Concerts and Recitals. Music Director Homer Pence, pictured below, entices more than a dozen top-flight musicians (most of them husband-wife teams) to Maine for this series each year.



Homer Pence, bassoonist

The last in a series of four chamber music concerts will be presented on Aug. 7, featuring the music of Rameau, Hummel, Mahler and Brahms; with a more informal Modern Masters recital set for Aug. 2. Admission is \$5/single, \$18/season, \$2/recital. Student tickets \$2.50/concerts and \$2/recitals. Bridgton Academy Chapel 8 p.m./concert, 7:30/recital.

SUMMER FAIRS

CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH: 25th Annual Summer Fair on the church grounds, Norway, Aug. 4. Antique Auction begins at 10 a.m. Candy, Baked goods, Books, Crafts, Cheese, Plants.

THE MARKETPLACE: sponsored by the Ladies Circle of First Universalist Church, Norway, Aug. 4 (10:30-4:30). Handcrafts, Knitted Articles, Jelly, White Elephants, Wishing Well, Lucky Food Basket, Collectibles, Trunks, Jugs, Wicker, Books, Dishes, Frames. Supper will be served 5:30-6:30.

ST. JOSEPH'S AUGUST BAZAAR: Aug. 11-12 (Sat. 1-9 p.m., Sun. 8:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m.), South High Street, Bridgton.

THEATRE

THE THEATRE AT MONMOUTH: Every day but Mon. Matinees, 2 p.m. (Tickets \$5.00 orchestr., \$4.50 balcony); Evening Shows, 8 p.m. (Tickets \$6.50/\$6.00). Featuring *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Richard III*, *Henry V*, *Cry of Players* and *Alice In Wonderland* on a rotating schedule throughout August. For more information, call 933-2952.

THE MIME TIMES: Workshop performances by student mimes at the Celebration Barn, South Paris, every Friday and Saturday night.


DEERTREES THEATRE: Harrison, Maine. Schedule, Aug. 5 Joe Val and the New England Blue Grass Boys, Aug. 6-11 *Loot*, Aug. 12 *Ballads* and English Music Hall songs, Aug. 13-14 *Macbeth*, Aug. 15-16 & 25 *Fantasticks*, Aug. 17-18 & 22, *Vanities*, Aug. 19 Columbia String Quartet, Aug. 20-21 *Loot*, Aug. 23 An Evening of Scott Joplin. For more information call 583-2263.

BREAKFAST

CALVARY COMMUNITY CHURCH: in Harrison on Weds. mornings, Aug. 8 & 22, 8-10 a.m.. Adults \$1.75, Children \$1.25.

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SPECIALS

THE FRIDAY GIFT SHOP: sponsored by the United Methodist Women in Bethel is in the midst of its 25th Anniversary Season. Begun in 1955 as a fund-raising project, the shop was the idea of Mrs. Elsie Davis. Handcrafts, knitting, needlework, aprons, quilts, food were sold in the church dining room. Each year the shop was more successful and soon moved into an annex of the church where the articles were put on permanent display.

More and more women each year take an active part in creating items, many of whom are affiliated with other denominations. You can find pillowcases, placemats, napkins, tiny marble creatures, bookmarks, stuffed animals, dolls, sweaters, baby gifts, afghans, stationery and cards, sconces, and surprise packages, as well as delectable delicacies on the Food Table.

This year a baby sweater was ordered to be sent to Italy as a baby gift, and a doll was dressed to match the sweater as a gift for the baby's two-year old sister. Afghans have gone to several foreign countries.

In the beginning Elsie Davis, Myrtle Lapham, Sadie Brooks, Fern Jordan, Marie Davis, Addie Saunders, Mabel Greenleaf, Minnie Wilson, Lettie Hall, Sylvia Luxton and Polly Carter were faithful workers. The first two can still usually be found working behind a table with many others each week.



Eleanor Parsons and Frances Saunders welcome Marion Rich, a regular patron at The Friday Gift Shop.

Come and see for yourself at the shop on Main Street, Methodist Church Annex, across from the post office in Bethel.

ETC.

THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL: in Buckfield will feature a display of old tools and household items at an Open House on Labor Day, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

MOSES MASON HOUSE MUSEUM: A restored 1813 house in Bethel's Broad Street Historical District, featuring exhibits, archives, films, lectures and special programs. Open daily except Mon. until Labor Day, 1-4 p.m. and by appointment. Call 824-2908 or write P. O. Box 12, Bethel, Me. 04217. Groups welcome. National Register of Historic Places.

JOE HOLDEN PICNIC: sponsored by the Otisfield Free Baptist Church to honor the man who left a fund to give ice cream to children. Church service at 11 a.m., Aug. 26. Bring your own picnic lunch.

ANDOVER'S 175th ANNIVERSARY: Friday, Aug. 3, 8-12 p.m., Old-Fashioned Dance sponsored by Andover Service Circle, music by Holden Bros. Sat., Aug. 4, Parade at 10 a.m., Auction on the Common at 12, Flower Show, Quilt & Craft Show, Puppets, Games follow. Chicken Barbeque at 5 p.m., Square Dancing with caller Terry Campbell, 8-11 p.m. Sun., Aug. 5, Old Home Day at First Congregational Church (in old-fashioned costumes) 11 a.m.



RIGHT START FAMILY DAY: sponsored by Rightstart Program, Aug. 12, 2 p.m. continuing into the evening at Oxford County Fairgrounds, Norway. Arts & Crafts, Food & Drink, Music New Games with Randy Judkins, Mime, and a Contra Dance ("No Name Yet Band") at 6 p.m. To enter an exhibit or booth, call Ivala Pulkkinen in Oxford at 539-4885. No admission will be charged; our purpose is to provide this day for families to enjoy together.

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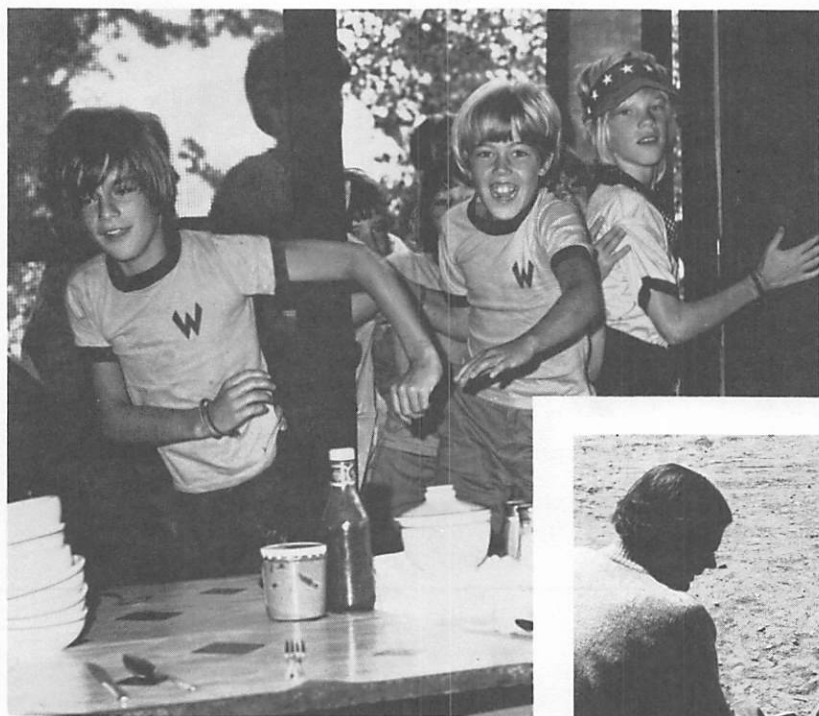
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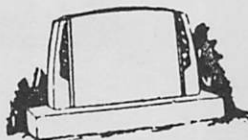
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Many people get their first real taste of the State of Maine as youngsters enrolled at one of the many summer camps for which the inland area is famous. Whether pitching a tent and bedding down at Harrison's Camp Bendito, or charging into the dining hall for a hearty meal, followed by outdoor instruction at Bridgton's Camp Winona (left), young summer campers are brought face to face with a way of life which marks, for many, a life-long love affair with Maine.

Homemade CAMP COOKERY

Nancy Marcotte

Although you may have, by now, outgrown summer camp, chances are that camping of some sort is still a part of your summer recreation plans.

You may be a back-packer, a biker, a canoeist, a recreation vehicle traveller, or a drive-to-the-cottage type of camper, but whichever procedure you prefer, when you take to the woods for the summer, you ought to consider the victuals carefully. The first consideration is transportation: if you're going by vehicle, you can carry fresh foods, bulky items, canned goods; if you're moving out on a trail each morning with just what you can carry, it's a different matter. When even the ounces are important, you substitute freeze-dried for canned foods, rice for potatoes, energy-mix granola for just about everything. And if you're in a canoe that doesn't stop at stores, you have to plan for food that will keep without replenishment.

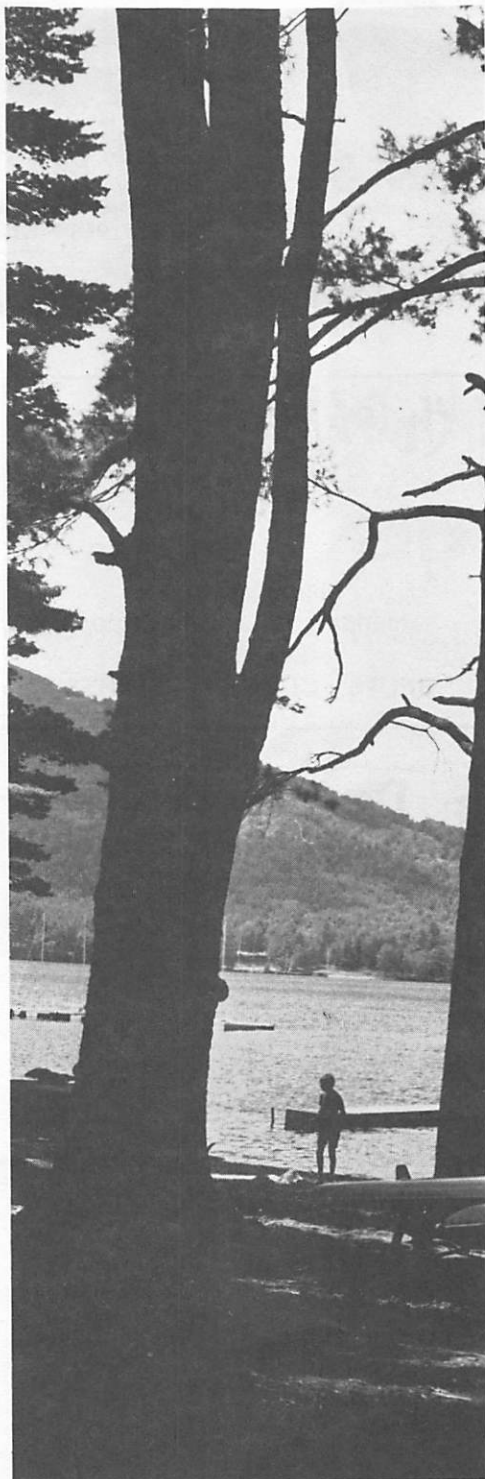
At any rate, there is no reason to eat beans for two weeks, or to put up with monotonous meals while camping. Some suggestions:

ON THE TRAIL

One of the first tricks of woods cookery is heavy-duty aluminum foil. It's indispensable for wrapping food to cook in coals, for storing food to cut waste, even for eating on if necessary. It's not too bulky, and it can be shaped into a kettle in a pinch. (It's also non-biodegradable, so be sure to carry it out.)

Modern dehydrated foods can be tasty—puddings, pies, stews, casseroles, chili, cereals, fruits—whatever you can just add water to and eat. Test a few in advance to discover what you like, and then carry some along for interesting trail meals. They will be appreciated, especially when the fish don't bite.

When they *do* bite, try this:



Page 52...

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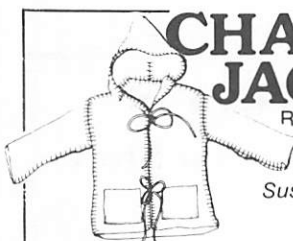
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...Page 49

Homemade

Fish Over The Coals

Bone, drain, clean, and filet a fresh fish, spreading the sides of the fish apart at the backbone to flatten. Place on a grill or green sticks and roast over low coals, flesh side down until lightly browned. Flip over, add salt, pepper, spices, butter or bacon drippings. Cook slowly until skin is crisp. The same thing can be done by tacking the fish, skin-side-down, on a hot, smooth, green hardwood plank. Stand it up in front of the fire, baste, turn plank often to cook evenly until it is brown and flaky. Watch carefully so it doesn't burn. Season and serve on the plank.

Tasty Dried Fruit Variations

Fruit adds a lot of pleasure to a meal, especially after a tiring day of hiking. Dehydrated fruit weigh little, pack well, taste great with added water. Dried apples or prunes will be delectable when cooked in a quart of water and steeped with a little cider vinegar, brown sugar and cinnamon. Or, before you spread your sleeping bag on fir boughs and make a pillow of your clothes at night, toss a few dried peaches, apricots, pears or bananas into a kettle and cover with boiling water. Let stand all night and eat for breakfast.

Fresh fruits are usually out of the question while back-packing, except perhaps for an couple of apples in your pocket. But raisins, dates, and figs are somewhere in between fresh and dry and are great for quick, portable energy.

Small stoves and canned heat are wiser than fires when the woods are dry. If you must use one, and have a permit, there are many good ways to *build* a fire, but the important thing, of course, is to check it carefully when you extinguish it. Did you know that in pine needles or near tree roots, the embers can go underground and flare up in a new spot? Douse it again. Really.

IN CAMP

You have a little more flexibility when you are stationed at a base camp—particularly one with a stove and refrigerator. You can have fresh fruits and vegetables, for one things. Take along turnips and potatoes, which keep well and cook easily. (And when you boil those potatoes for supper, cook a few extra for breakfast hash-browns.) Grated cheese, paprika, canned milk are all easy additions to canned vegetables.

Hot Slaw

Grate or slice cabbage, carrots, onions. Make a dressing of two beaten eggs, 1 c. cold water, 1 Tbsp. butter, ¼ c. vinegar, ¼ tsp. salt and stir over hot water until thickened. Then add grated vegetables, mix well, serve warm.

Potato Soup

Cook 3 potatoes until soft, mash. Scald 1 qt. milk with 2 Tbsp. diced onion and slowly add to potatoes. Melt 2 Tbsp. butter and beat in 1 minced celery stalk, 2 Tbsp. butter, salt and pepper to taste, and a dash of cayenne or parsley. Add to boiling soup and simmer.

Bean Soup

Soak 3 c. beans overnight. Cover 1 lg. piece salt pork or ham with water, add beans, simmer 'til it thickens. Pepper, onions, spices, tomatoes may be added.

Quick Camp Stew

Mince 1 small onion, brown in bacon fat or butter. Add 1 can ea. red kidney beans, hash and tomatoes. Simmer 15 minutes or until thoroughly warm. Season to taste.

Fish Chowder

Filet and cube fresh fish, boil 15 minutes. Fry ¼ lb. salt pork or bacon with 1 diced onion for a few minutes, add to boiled fish. Throw in 4 c. diced potatoes, more water if necessary, and simmer 20 minutes. Add 4 c. hot milk, season, and heat until fish is done, then serve.

"Flapjacks"

Flapjacks are the old camp stand-by and these are reportedly the best anywhere: Mix well 1½ c. flour, 1½ tsp. baking powder, 2 Tbsp. sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 2 Tbsp. salad oil and 1 beaten egg with 2 c. milk. Pour batter in a medium-hot griddle (for best results). Flip when the edges begin to brown and the cake bubbles. Serve with syrup, molasses, or jam.

Biscuits

Hot from the oven, mouth-watering, flaky, high biscuits make a day in camp perfect. Down East cooks have long had a secret to making biscuits great: Bakewell Cream, in any recipe. (We learned it from our cousin, Cindi Hamlin Hagar, who makes the best biscuits in Waterford—or anywhere, probably.)

Sourdough Bread

The old trappers used to bake deliciously in their camps using sourdough. This recipe was sent down to the "Lower 48" by our sister, Linda Chute Davis, from Anchorage, Alaska.

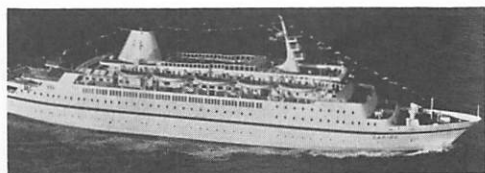
For Sourdough Starter: take ½ cake or 1 env. yeast, soak it in a little warm water, add 2 T. sugar, ½ c. flour, and water enough for a thick batter. Put in a wide-mouth 2 qt. crockery or enamel bowl (Never use metal bowl or metal spoon). Let stand at room temp. 3-4 days (it will smell vinegar-y). Keep in a loosely-capped container and refrigerate indefinitely.

When ready to use the starter, activate it by bringing it to room temperature (allow plenty of time for fermentation), make a batter of 2½ c. warm water and the starter, mixed well. Slowly add 2½ c. flour and stir until it's free of lumps. Cover loosely with waxed paper, and keep in a warm (85°) spot for 12 hrs. Stir thoroughly, then reserve one cup for the next starter and refrigerate it.

To the remaining 3 c. batter, add 2 T. salad oil, ¼ c. sugar, 2 tsp. salt and mix well. Add 2½ c. flour (a half-cup at a time), stirring well. Knead on a floured surface until it's smooth and shiny. Grease hands and shape into 2 loaves; place them in well-grased pans. Let rise (85°) about 2 hours or until doubled in bulk (and when a finger-impression remains when the batter is touched.) Bake for one hour at 350° until golden and receding from edges of pan. Remove from pans, brush with butter, let cool on a rack.

Bread Pudding

If you like this, it's a wonderful way to use up leftover bread. Soak 1 c. stale bread crumbs in 2 c. scaled milk. Cool. Add 1/3 c. sugar, ¼ c. salad oil or melted butter, 3 eggs slightly beaten, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. vanilla, a dash of cinnamon or nutmeg. Bake 1 hr. at 200 degrees, serve with canned milk, fruit, ice cream, melted chocolate—whatever you have.




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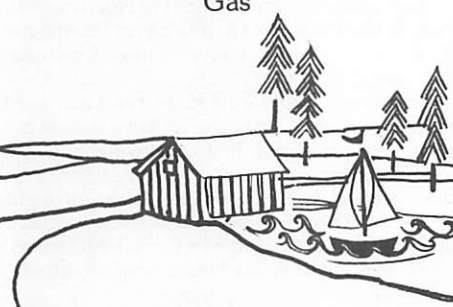
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Ayah

We consider your comments and suggestions an important means of discovering our readers' interests. Representative and appropriate letters will be published as space allows. Most likely answers won't be necessary, and probably the only response you'll receive will be a most appropriate "Ayah!"

REMEMBERING NORWAY HIGH

I am sending my first subscription for *Bitter-Sweet*, after my sister-in-law, Mrs. Harold Howe sent me several copies. I just think it is great, you see I was born in Waterford, went to Norway High School, so all the places written about remind me of home, so I want to receive a copy of my own each month.

I married but still we lived on the farm until 1940, then we moved to Kittery, Maine, where my husband, Lester Cobb, had employment at the Naval Shipyard.

I have a rather unusual picture which you might like to print. This rooster always walked upright. It was hatched on my father's farm (Paul Howe). As the bird grew he walked like a penguin, thus he got the name "Penny."

Thanks for printing such an interesting booklet. I am enclosing the chorus to our High School Class Song, Class of 1925—

Oh Norway, dear Norway,
We love thy pine-clad hills
Whose beauty uplifting, Our
Heart with gladness fills,
And ever in friendship
We're bound by Memory's tie
All loyal to our dear
Old NORWAY HIGH.

Julia Howe Cobb



WEST PARIS CHILDHOOD

I was born and raised in West Paris and have spent my life in the surrounding area except for the past five winters which have been spent in Florida...As it says in the poem—no boys, the girls work. Didn't hurt me a bit that I can see.

*Virginia L. Cyr
Norway*



HELPING OUT

Kids today, they have it made
At least that's what foks say,
But I was raised in a different time
And in different ways.
There were chores to do and wood to chop
And cows to feed and hay
And crops to hoe and calves to tend.
Yes, ours were different ways.
We rode the horse to cultivate
The corn between the rows.
My sister and I helped with the work
Because there were no boys.
Every fall the woodpile called
We chopped and hauled it in,
But when the winter winds did blow
We were snug and warm within.
In springtime came the maple sap
With buckets, spiles and tapping.
Horse and sled to haul it in
The sap house was inviting.
And sheepskins then we all would make,
Hot syrup on cold snow.
No better candy could be made,
That we all did know.
But there was a time to slide and swim
And laugh and play and shout
We never had to work, you see,
We were only "helping out."

Virginia Cyr



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5 (DH) Milwaukee 2:00 p.m.	6 Cleveland 7:30 p.m.	7 Cleveland 7:30 p.m.	8 Cleveland 7:30 p.m.	9 Cleveland 7:30 p.m.	10 Milwaukee 7:30 p.m.	11 Milwaukee 2:00 p.m.	
12 Milwaukee 2:00 p.m.	13 Minnesota 7:30 p.m.	14 Minnesota 7:30 p.m.	15 Minnesota 7:30 p.m.	16 Chicago 7:30 p.m.	17 Chicago 7:30 p.m.	18 Chicago 2:00 p.m.	
19 Chicago 2:00 p.m.	20 Minnesota 8:30 p.m.	21 Minnesota 8:30 p.m.	22 Minnesota 8:30 p.m.	23 Chicago 7:30 p.m.	24 K.C. 8:30 p.m.	25 K.C. 8:30 p.m.	
26 K.C. 2:30 p.m.	27 Chicago 8:30 p.m.	28 Chicago 8:30 p.m.	29 Chicago 8:30 p.m.	30 Texas 7:30 p.m.	31 Texas 7:30 p.m.		



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ANSWER TO JULY BRAINTEASER

Lyle Wiggan of Bethel was the winner of last month's Brainteaser. Mr. Wiggan not only arrived at the correct answer, he also managed a moral from the puzzle:

"Answer for brainteaser of July...The race is on! The gun goes off and Big-hopper with his 10-inch stride and Small-hopper with a stride of a mere 6 inches are neck and neck as they go into the back turn. Then it happens. Small-hopper lands at a pole and starts back but Big-hopper's last hop carries him 6 inches past the pole. As he makes his turn, he sees Small-hopper 6 inches in the lead. The damage is done. Try as he may, Big-hopper is unable to make up the difference and Small-hopper comes home the winner by 6 lengths (sorry, six inches). The (x) is the distance Small-hopper travelled while Big-hopper was still coming down on his last hop at the back turn...just to prove it's no fluke, Big-hopper with a sly grin asks for a re-match and Small-hopper agrees. This time, Big-hopper reduces the force of his leap to the pole at the back turn, but as he comes about, he realizes that while he landed at the pin where he had planned, the reduction in force had also reduced his velocity on the last stride and he makes his turn just a split-second behind Small-hopper. Hoping to make up the difference, he heads for the finish line with renewed vigor but they are too evenly matched for speed and again he loses, this time by only a head.

The moral of the story—don't run a race with a smaller opponent until you have mastered the science of simple mathematics.

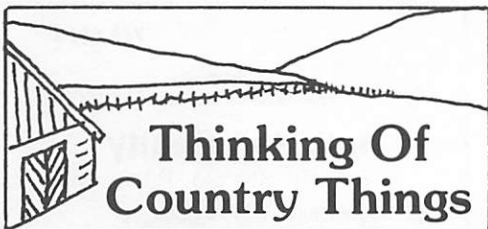
Lyle Wiggan
Bethel

Others with the correct answer as of presstime were Amy Kurtz of Paris Hill and Jody Smith of Oxford; Christina Rowder, Bridgton; Nancy Shanning, West Poland; and Mary Beth Harvey, Pt. Pleasant, N.J.

AUGUST BRAINTEASER - XVI

Three men decide to have dinner together in a new and rather expensive restaurant. Each man's dinner cost \$10. They paid the waiter \$30 and he in turn took the money to the manager. "Those men are friends of mine," the manager said, "so I'll cut \$5 off their total bill. Take \$5 back to them."

The waiter was dishonest and decided not to divide the \$5 three ways. Instead, he pocketed \$2 and gave each man \$1. So far, it could be calculated that each man had actually spent \$9 for food, since each spent \$10 and received \$1 back. That meant their total bill was \$27. Add the \$2 the waiter kept and the total is \$29. But the waiter had originally received \$30. What became of the other dollar?



Thinking Of Country Things

by John Meader

LIGHTNING

Not to fence on Jay Burns' territory, the weather observations so ably handled in *Jay's Column*, but I thought I'd write a little about lightning. I won't steal anyone's thunder (some puns can't be avoided), since what interests me is not so much the meteorological aspect as the human—what happens when lightning and humankind interconnect.

The first lightning I saw this year accompanied a line of northerly squalls early in April, around three-thirty in the afternoon.

I was working for a neighbor, sticking lumber in one of the yarding areas up above the saw mill. There was no good shelter against the rain which fell in torrents from time to time. I went and stood between two tall stacks of lumber. My head and shoulders got soaked, but the rest of me stayed more or less dry. The lightning, which was of the chain type, I guess, went snaking along overhead through the scud of cloud. It was sort of like being tied to the tracks while a freight train rumbled over.

Lightning's like that, in the way it sparks images in the mind. Because it's so powerful, so uncontrolled and unpredictable, and so dangerous, oftentimes, it stirs around in our primitive natures. The phrase, "a bolt from the blue" catches some of the sheer chanciness that's involved.

"Greased lighting" captures the quickness, "Hammer of Thor" speaks of caprice and vengeance, if not justice. "Lightning-slinger" was railroad slang for telegraph operator. And, of course, white-lightning refers to alcohol, usually illegally distilled.

The connection of lightning and alcohol reminds me of what happened to Henry, the old guy I used to lobster with down on the coast. Hen, as he was called, was out fishing with a friend during Prohibition times, and up on the ledges of one of the coves they spotted a five-gallon can drifting around in a

tide pool. Painted in the can was a bright red hand under which were the words "Hand Made." The can contained straight grain alcohol. Apparently it had been jettisoned or lost over the side of one of the rum-running vessels that worked the Maine coast.

The bootleg alcohol was brought ashore, Hen and friends being intent upon investigating it a little further—having a drink, to put it country plain. They took it in the house since Hen's wife, fortuitously it seemed, was away for a few days visiting her mother.

However, it was shortly noted that the can leaked. Good fortune was draining away. Nothing for it, the contents had to be transferred to other containers, and as it chanced the only things to hand that seemed suitable were the wife's pots and pans. So discovered that the alcohol turned the insides of the pots and pans coal black—those very pots and pans that the wife scrubbed with such diligence to keep shining. And now, Hen found out, no amount of work could return his wife's hard-won shine.

So the wife came back and by then the whiskey was elsewhere. Some in Hen, probably, some in the friend, and the rest in bottles, no doubt. But the pots and pans were still a gruesome tell-tale reminder, more or less like the blood on Lady Macbeth's hands.

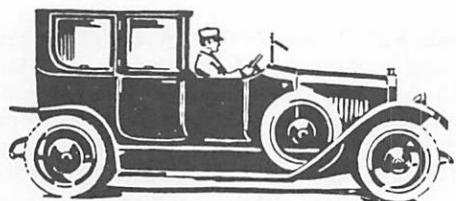
There was hell to pay. Not just one pot, but all the pots and pans. She had conviction fits, she demanded to know what, and then some, had taken place. And Hen, doing his best, complained of a terrible thunderstorm and balls of lightning dancing around like water spilled on a hot stove-top. The air was full of electricity. It made your hair prickle. It must have been that blackened the pots.



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It was a fair explanation but not good enough, because it couldn't explain why the lightning didn't blacken every pot and pan to the very rim. There were white rings of varying widths near each rim, since none of the pots was filled to the brim. And that's where it all ended up and stood. Hen never admitted, and she always suspected, and I dare say the friction now and then built up enough charge to create a little lightning of the domestic variety.

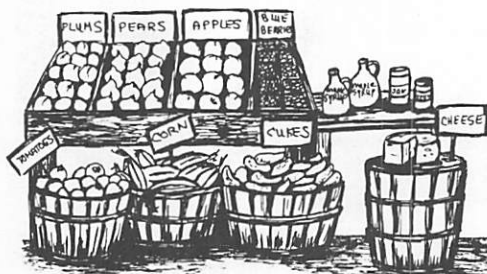
As for other cases of kitchen lightning, I know of one quite a lot closer to home. I was talking with the farmer whose place sits atop

the nearby hill. According to him, he'd lived there going on sixty years and in that period the place had been struck by lightning twice. The first time a bolt hit the weathervane on the barn. The weathervane looked it, the copper horse ran downhill and the wind indicator pointed a constant northeast.

The second occasion was rather more dramatic. Lightning took a whack at one of the rods on the house. Now as it occurred, the lightning rods were grounded, as was often the practice then, to the water pipes in the cellar. But in this instance the lightning didn't follow the pipes out to the well, or at least not immediately.

Instead, the lightning circled back and came spouting out the faucet in the kitchen sink. It then went down the drain. But, in the narrator's words, "for a moment there, things got somewhat teedjus."

While the dangerous and destructive side of lightning usually comes to mind first (and with good reason), something should be said about the creative aspect as well. Lightning, for instance, has been and probably still is, an important source of fire for primitive peoples. This is especially so among jungle-dwelling tribes where constant humidity



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Lightning of course starts forest fires, and they, it is now thought, are oftentimes beneficial, playing an important role in renewing the forests. The over-mature and dead trees are burnt away to make room for new, strong, growth. Browse is supplied to moose, deer, and grouse.

A more intriguing, creative role for lightning is one that is mainly speculative and probably must remain so, since it has to do with the very ancient past.

The question that is asked is how did life begin on earth if one does not believe in any extra-terrestrial source and if one does subscribe to some idea of gradual evolution through the interplay of natural materials and forces. I don't think Deity is excluded from such a view, but how it all fits together I certainly don't claim to know.

One answer is this: in tide pools around the margins of the great oceans, various salts and minerals gathered into a lifeless but pregnant (you could say) sort of ooze. It's called a primordial soup, by some. And then bolts of lightning striking the soup would provide sufficient charge to energize various

molecules in the soup, introducing chemical reactions that would in turn form more and more complex molecules.

Eventually, according to this theory, given time enough, lightning enough and randomness enough, the process ended up with, lo! something that moved, consumed matter to fuel its activities, and reproduced more of itself. A long way from Homo Sapiens, for sure, but nonetheless Life.

Now, lest you think that this is just so much blue sky-noodling on the part of some pipe-sucking ivory-tower-type, let me hasten to say that it's been tested. Laboratory experiments have been carried out. Something in the way of primordial soup has been batched up, and bolts of electricity have been shot into it. The result? More complex molecules do emerge, and some of them resemble the amino acids that are basic to much of living matter.

Anyway it pleases me to think of lightning more or less as a Hindu might. For a Hindu, creation and destruction are closely linked, being simply the opposite sides of the same deity—lightning as a creator, lightning as a destroyer. □

Meador is a farmer and writer living in Buckfield.



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